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The Millionaire's Opportunity

How He Takes a Vacation Against His Will

By Robert Barr

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COMPARATIVELY speaking, Sidney Austen was a poor man; that is to say, his possessions might realize anything from nineteen to twenty-five millions, depending on how shrewdly they were disposed of; still, he was recognized as a coming factor in the financial world who would ultimately make his fortune, if prosperity continued, and perhaps own a railway or two in the near future. In personal appearance he seemed little more than a boy; nevertheless, he was a great deal older than he looked. His closely cropped black hair was still without a streak of gray and his smoothly shaven face deceived the casual guesser at his years. He had inherited a good constitution, and in his early life the outdoor work on the farm with the homely but healthful fare of the agriculturist had given him a stock of health to start with when he came to the city, but as his bank account increased he found he had drawn heavily on the balance of health to his credit. This was why the celebrated specialist had been looking him over for half an hour.

"There is nothing organically wrong with you," said the doctor a little doubtfully. "You've been thinking too much and too hard for too many years right on end, so your vitality is a good deal lower than it ought to be. How would it do if I were to prescribe a little run to Europe, for instance, on a slow steamer?"

Sidney Austen shook his head.

"Utterly impossible at the present moment, doctor. Can't you give me a tonic to brace me up for a while?"

"Sea air is the best tonic," continued the doctor; "sea air for your lungs and a rest for your brain."

"No good, doctor, I couldn't stop thinking if I tried; and to be out of touch with all creation on an ocean liner just at this juncture would add worry to the thinking, so I fear your prescription would do more harm than good."

"I want that calculating apparatus of yours to have a month's rest. Can't you interest yourself in something that won't matter whether it goes right or wrong? Do you photograph, or motor, or climb mountains, or camp out? What is your fad?"

"Money-making," snapped Austen with decision.

"What's your favorite recreation, then?" asked the doctor.

"Money-making," repeated the millionaire.

"What did you do as a boy?"

"Ploughed in the spring, pitched hay in the early summer, cradled wheat later, husked corn in the fall and fed cattle during the winter," replied the millionaire with a smile.

"Useful occupations," retorted the doctor, a twinkle in his eye, which seemed to imply that he looked on the millionaire's former activity as being of more use to the world than his present employment; but the professional man was the intimate of the rich and never said anything undiplomatic. "Do you own a farm now?" he continued.

"Several hundred of them," replied Austen.

"Well, can't you knock off for a month and renew your youth pitching hay again?"

"I may go and husk corn in the autumn, but to tell you the truth, doctor, I dare not leave New York just now, so the agricultural interests of this country will have to get in their hay without my assistance. Unless you say I'm in a critical condition, I think we'll have to fall back on your bottle of pick-me-up."

"No, your condition is not critical," admitted the doctor, rising, "but the trouble I see is that you will postpone and postpone, until your case is serious. Is your present deal an important one?"

"Oh, a matter of five or six millions. I've got everything straight and the end's in sight, but the situation will bear watching for six weeks or more."

"I wish you would spend those six weeks up in the woods with a gun, or whipping a stream with rod and line, or even tramping over the country with a camera; but of course all that would do later if I were sure that another deal would not quickly follow this one. Anyhow I'll send on a bottle of tonic, and if you can let up on mental arithmetic as much as possible we'll talk about husking corn when the weather gets cooler."

The doctor took his departure and Sidney Austen, glancing at his watch, left for the secret meeting of the Soap Trust where, as the promoter of that organization, he was to occupy the chair.

Everybody was in place when he entered the directors' room at the Austen National Bank, and important people were waiting with some impatience for their chairman. Sidney Austen nodded to this man and that, walked to the table, and took his seat without explanation or apology for being seven minutes late. Even if he had been older or of less importance he was a man to make his influence felt in any gathering that included him. He never raised his voice above its ordinary tone, was never angry, never enthusiastic. His penetrating eye had an effect that was almost hypnotic, and a word from him did more to overcome opposition than the most impressive eloquence of others. He seemed invariably so calm and sure of himself that it was a brave man who ventured to oppose him.

Before he opened the door of the directors' room he heard the sound of a heated discussion within, but his mere presence quelled this instantly, and, as he walked to his chair, complete silence reigned. His manner was almost always conciliatory and he would make any concession asked for so long as it did not impinge on the nub of the business, but once that was reached Austen was immovable, although scrupulously polite, and even deferential to his opponents.

Seated in the chair, he drew toward him a document which he glanced over rapidly as the others took their places up and down the long table. It had been rumored that there was some division between various members of the syndicate regarding the method of procedure, but all the larger holders expected that Sidney Austen would speedily quell any revolt that might show itself. It was always the smaller men, the minority holders of stock, who made a fuss, and who considered they could carry through a deal more successfully than the giants of the business. Sidney Austen, at the first rumor of divergence, had quietly made his position impregnable by either buying or securing options on all the leading soap manufactories of the country, and he alone knew that the deal was bound to go through, no matter who opposed it.

He could have got up in his place and said so with a brutal directness that would have smothered discussion at the outset, but that was never his way of doing business. Conciliation was always the keynote of his action. He would rather win a man to his side than beat him down and trample over him.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman quietly, "I take it this meeting is purely formal, and all that remains to be done is to affix your signatures to this document, which each of you has already read and approved." Saying this, Mr. Austen took up a pen, wrote his name rapidly on the paper and pushed it to the man at his right hand. The person on the right was about to sign when a man near the foot of the table sprang up.

"One moment, Mr. Chairman," he said. "I agree with you that we have all read the document, but I do not agree that we all approve. I, for one, do not approve, and I think I may say there are others with me."

Austen leaned back somewhat wearily in his chair.

"Very well, Mr. Stretton," he said slowly, "let us hear the objection."

"My objection is," shouted Stretton, "that we are throwing away money. There is no sense in buying up all these smaller factories. Let 'em shut up shop or we will crush them. No single manufacturer can stand out against this combination. Now I venture to say that I could carry through this deal at something like a million less than this document proposes, and I don't see the use of our throwing away a million. I want my share of it."

Several others seemed to want their share of it, too, for there was a murmur of approval to greet this emphatic statement.

The chairman made no comment but leaned back with half-closed eyes as if he took very little interest in what had been said. The man at his right, who sat with pen poised in the air, glanced at the chairman, and seeing he had apparently no intention of replying, said firmly: "The smaller factories, if left out, are sure to combine, and so instead of wiping up the business clean we leave the elements of competition and opposition against us."

"That's nonsense," cried the man at the lower end of the table. "What can a parcel of factories scattered all over the country, that at the utmost could not be capitalized for more than a million, do against our combination of thirty millions? We can snuff 'em out as easy as that," and the man snapped his fingers over the table.

Still the chairman said nothing, and drawing courage from his silence, two or three others rose consecutively and agreed that if a million could be saved it ought to be. One benign old gentleman, who seemed disappointed that the chairman had not throttled this discussion, which showed signs of becoming formidable, spoke deprecatingly of the proposal to crush his fellow-man, but he was answered up and down the table by the phrase that business was business, and that incontrovertible aphorism shut him up.

At last the chairman seemed to wake, and bending forward said sweetly: "How long do you think, Mr. Stretton, it would take you to form this combination that would save us a million?"

"I could do it in three weeks," replied Stretton, somewhat less boisterously than he had spoken before. He seemed rather bewildered to be taken so abruptly at his word and there was a perceptible diminution in the confidence of his attitude, but he could not now withdraw, and his friends looked anxiously at him and the chairman alternately.

"Very good," said Austen quietly. "I propose that we adjourn this meeting until to-day month, unless Mr. Stretton calls it sooner. Time is money, and if Mr. Stretton can transform thirty days into a million I think I can promise him a unanimous vote of thanks."

It was evident that this temporary abandonment of the meeting did not meet the approval of many there present, and a murmur of conversation filled the room as Mr. Austen rose and pushed back his chair. Almost instantly two groups formed, the larger round Sidney Austen, while the smaller and more excited portion gathered round Stretton. Trust-forming is a precarious business at best and the shrewder heads of the meeting were uneasy over the proposed loss of a month, where, in every sense of the word, time was the very essence of the contract. Anything might happen in a month; the risk of publicity alone was not one to be taken lightly. They quietly cursed Stretton's interference, but nevertheless were extremely dissatisfied with Austen's method of dealing with it. He should have sent round the paper, they thought, and if any one refused to sign let him take the risk of his refusal; but to postpone matters for another thirty days at this critical juncture, when everything was ready for striking and the iron was hot, seemed to them faulty business tactics.

Austen smiled on them all, a smile winning but inscrutable. He offered no excuse for the abrupt termination of the meeting. One of his friends smote him on the shoulder and said:

"I tell you what it is, Austen, you look tired. You ought to go and take a rest;" while another made the remark:

"Stretton's talk is enough to make any one tired. Let us all take a vacation until he forms this combine."

Meanwhile Stretton's friends in the farther corner were consoling him with the remark that he was "up against it," and they wished him luck in tones that very clearly expressed their doubts that he would succeed. However, Stretton talked very free and large and assured them the meeting would be reconvened within a week, and then they would see what had happened.

Getting clear at last of friends and opponents, Sidney Austen walked slowly up Broadway deep in meditation. Usually his step was brisk and he trod the pavement with the air of a man who owns the city; now his eyes were on the ground instead of gazing straight ahead of him, and it was plain to be seen his mind was troubled. The prospect of the combine did not worry him in the least; even if the newsboys were shouting it on the street it would not have mattered, for everything had come his way and he had made his bargains. Stretton would soon discover he was butting his stupid head against granite. The real trouble would come when the Trust was formed and when its organizers would have to make good interest and dividends on the enormous sum for which it was capitalized. It was this problem, now fortunately postponed for a month, that Austen feared. He wondered if there was more in the doctor's words than they seemed to convey. If failing health should overtake him now, the situation was indeed serious. For a year or two the Trust would demand all the iron energy he could bestow upon it, and his present feeling of lassitude was most disconcerting. He almost resolved to visit one of his farms in Northern New York and toss hay, as the doctor had suggested, during the month that must elapse before the great struggle began, and the hills and dales of this farm was at that moment before his eyes instead of the tall buildings that overhung him and the hurrying crowd that jostled past him. If his mind had been in town instead of in the country he would have noticed two things

ON THE SECOND MORNING THE AVALANCHE BEGAN

that concerned him. First, the evening paper contained huge bill-board letters which read like an advertisement:

GOOD EVENING.
HAVE YOU SUBSCRIBED FOR AUSTEN'S SOAP?
GIGANTIC SOAP TRUST, RUNNING INTO MILLIONS.
Will it Wash?

The publicity which his colleagues had feared was already upon them, and if Austen had noticed the news he would know that some of his friends were exceedingly anxious.

The second thing which concerned him was the fact that an elderly man had passed him three times within as many minutes. He was coming down Broadway when he met the young man with troubled brow and downcast look. He paused a moment, turned, sped past him, turned again and met him the second time, scrutinizing him keenly. This action he repeated a third time, then smote Austen a hearty blow on the shoulder that brought him back from the country quicker than any railway train could have done.

"See here, my son, are you out of a job?" cried the stranger with a hail-fellow-well-met familiarity that grated on the cold sensibility of the younger man.

Austen silently regarded his tempestuous interlocutor for a moment, but resentment faded before the glowing geniality that radiated from the face of the other. His straw hat was pushed to the back of his head, displaying the gray locks in front, yet the merry twinkle in his eye contradicted the first impression that he was an old man, while there was an apple-blossom innocence about his chubby wrinkled face that made it impossible for any of his fellow-creatures to be angry with him.

"Say, young man," he repeated, "you're out of a job, aren't you, now?"

"Well, in a manner of speaking, I am," said Austen very composedly.

"I knew it; I knew it the moment I set eyes on you. That young fellow is down on his luck, I said, and I dodged round and took a second squint at you. Now, my lad, you mustn't be discouraged. The darkest hour is just before dawn, you know. I am one of those who can read faces as easy as others read the page of a book and you've got the face of a man who's going to succeed. I don't mean succeed in the way of getting a good salary, which is probably what is in your thought at the present moment, but I mean you're going to be as rich as Crœsus yet. You mark my words."

Austen was a head taller than the enthusiastic little man and he looked down at him now with a slight smile touching the corners of his lips. He said to himself, "Is this a new kind of bunco-steerer and is the hayseed still in my hair that I should be accosted thus on the main street of the metropolis?"

Before he could frame any kind of reply that seemed suitable for the situation the little man had another question to fling at him which, strangely enough, coincided with the thoughts just passing through his mind.

"You're from the country, are you not?"

"Yes, I am," admitted Austen, while he smiled broadly.

"That's all right," nodded the other; "I felt sure of it. No city man strolls along this street as if his shoes were soled with lead. We hold our heads up in New York, every man thinking himself just a little better than the fellow he meets."

"Have you stopped me on the street to tell me this?" asked Austen quietly.

"No, sir; I have stopped you to tell you that at this moment I am in need of a first-class man. One glance at your face showed me that you were the person I was seeking. I want a man and you want an opportunity. Isn't that so?"

"Very likely it is."

"Of *course* it is. You know you want an opportunity and some cash in hand, and you've to take my word that I want the man. Now, my friend, let us go to a saloon where we can talk quietly; besides, it's a hot day and I want a drink."

"Thank you," said Austen, remembering that bunco-steerers and confidence-men always brought their victims to some drinking place; but his interest and his curiosity were roused and he wondered what the little chap's game was. "Thank you, I don't drink, but I don't mind going with you where we can talk."

"Don't drink, eh? All the better; all the better. You stick to that, young man, and you'll never be sorry for it. I'm not what you'd call a drinker myself, but I don't mind a glass of beer with the mercury rising. I know a quiet place down the next street. Come along."

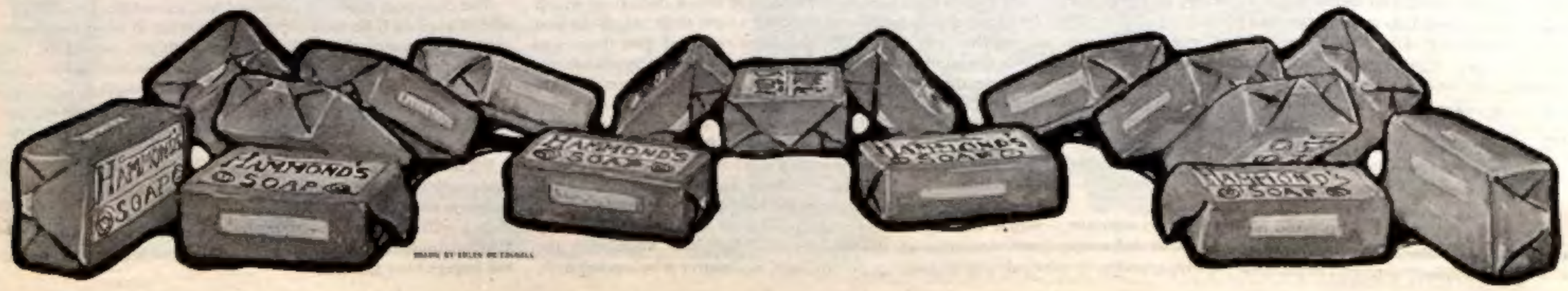
The enthusiast led him round a corner and into a very clean and cool back room of a saloon which contained chairs and several tables. Here he pressed a button and the waiter did the rest. As Austen sat back in his chair looking across the table at his host taking a long draught of cooling beer he made up his mind that this was the enthusiastic successful man of ten or twenty years ago; the kind of person who made a million and thought he was rich—a Colonel Sellers, whose dreams had come true; the man of many ideas up in a balloon to-day, wildly over-confident and down in the gutter to-morrow, easily depressed. In fact, Sidney Austen flattered himself that the successful man of the future was looking across the table at the successful man of the past. The successful man of the future was silent, resourceful, potent, and utterly without brag or bluster. The very first remark made by his vis-à-vis when he set down his glass corroborated these impressions.

"Now, my friend," he said, "you see before you a man who has made three fortunes and lost half a dozen. Yes, sir, three times in my life I have been rich; not rich as perhaps it would be counted nowadays, but still I had enough, if only I'd had the sense to keep it. I was not a John D. Rockefeller, do you see, but a Jay Cooke, if you can remember him, although you are too young to know much about Jay Cooke."

"I have heard of him," said Austen.

"Well, his failure cleaned me out the first time. I made another fortune on wheat in Chicago and lost that in a gold mine. Oh, it was a gold mine all right enough, but worked with machinery reversed; that is, it exhausted gold instead of producing it, and it used up all of mine. I made another fortune in Grand Rapids on a roll-top desk I patented and then lost it all in trying to fight a huge furniture combine. Now I'm going to make another fortune, and then I'm going to quit. Yes, sir; I've got sense enough to know when to stop this time, and don't you forget it. There's only my wife and myself and we don't need very much. To tell the truth I set my figure at a limit that will astonish you. I want only a hundred thousand dollars, and I'm going to put that in Government securities, and then the wife and I are going to live in rollicking luxury on one of the prettiest farms that lies outdoors which we own in Michigan, bordering on a lake that's as clear as crystal. By Jove, I was just thinking of that farm and those woods and that lake when I caught sight of your face a minute ago."

"By a curious coincidence," said Austen, thawing in spite of himself, "I, too, was thinking of a farm in Northern New



York that has a stream running through it where I used to fish when I was a boy."

The other threw back his head and laughed heartily. "By Gosh!" he cried, "we were two hayseeds meeting on Broadway, weren't we? All we needed was a third man with a gold brick. Well, he wouldn't have got much out of me, and I don't suppose you're in any better fix."

"If this is a gold-brick man himself," thought Austen, "he has a sense of humor and some idea of originality. I wonder what his game is, anyway."

"Now let us get down to business," said the elder man, drawing up his chair and pushing aside his glass. "My name is Welland Hammond, late of Chicago, late of Grand Rapids, and late of a good many places, but now of New York City. What might your name be?"

"I am called Sidney, and I am from Northern New York, as I told you a moment ago."

"All right, we'll consider ourselves introduced. Now, Mr. Sidney, the moment I clapped eyes on your face I said to myself there's the chap I want to join me. You see, I'm going on in years and I'm not just as active and pushing as I used to be. I want a fellow who has his way to make, who is energetic and can see just a little distance ahead of the salary he receives every Saturday night. Now, to prevent mistakes, I'll tell you right at the start that I can't pay you more than fifteen dollars a week—not just now I can't; but the moment the business begins to show color of gold you'll get your share. I warn you, my friend, it's just the greatest opportunity that ever ran up against a man who was out of a job, and I want to impress on you this fact, that all a young man can ask of Providence in this country is reasonable good health and an opportunity."

"I quite agree with you," remarked Austen fervently, remembering that he had forgotten his own health ever since he had met this cherub.

"Now, you see, I've got the germ of one of the biggest businesses in this country, and I tell you frankly that I don't want all that's in it. I want to pull out of it one hundred thousand dollars between now and five years hence. And after that the business is yours, if you're the man I take you to be. At the end of five years or so we'll form this into a company, I'll get my little hundred thousand, and you'll go on till you make millions. I can see it in your face. Because I want to hire you, I don't pretend at all that you aren't a first-class man worth ten times or a hundred times what I can pay you. I want you to realize the kind of man you are—to realize that you're a winner, and that everything's going to come your way."

"It is very gratifying to hear you say so," murmured Austen with a smile.

"Oh, I'm not flattering you at all. Why should I? I don't suppose at this moment you have ten dollars in your pocket."

Sidney Austen ignored the remark and inquired:

"What is this business the nucleus of which you hold in your hand?"

Hammond leaned his elbows on the table and looked shrewdly across at his questioner.

"Now, young man," he said, "it isn't in the big things that money is made by men like you and me; it's by selling something that everybody wants, which has four hundred per cent. profit on it, more or less. Rockefeller takes his comfortable little stipend of $50,000,000 a year or so by selling oil at ten cents a gallon. Now, sir, will you tell me what it is that every man, woman and child, except the tramps, in this country uses once a day at least, which doesn't cost more than ten cents at its dearest, that uses up quickly, and that every grocer must keep?"

"Soap," jerked out Austen, and instantly his alert brain formed a new suspicion. Did this man know him after all, and was this an elaborate joke over which his friends would be laughing to-morrow? But a glance at the optimistic Hammond partially dispelled the suspicion. The little man brought his fist down with a bang on the table that made the glasses dance.

"By jingo!" he said, "you're as sharp as a steel trap. Guessed it the first time. Yes, sir; soap is what I mean, and I've got a receipt for making soap that will wash out original sin, so help me! It's the best soap in the world; nothing on the market approaches it. I used to make it up in Michigan when I was a boy, and one day my wife—she's a Michigan woman, you know—said to me, 'Welland, what a pity it is we can't buy, nowadays, the kind of soap we used to make outside of Grand Rapids,' and the idea came to me like a flash that the man who put that soap on the market has a fortune if he only can let people know of it."

"Ah," said Austen, "if you can only let people know of it. There's the point in your scheme that requires money. How can you hope to compete with the big and wealthy firms in the business unless you have capital?"

"Well now, look here, my boy," said Hammond, pushing his hat still farther back, and gesticulating wildly with his right hand. "Some things can be done as well as some others, as Sam Patch used to say. That's where I want you to help me. You have a convincing eye in your head. I can

"YOU'RE OUT OF A JOB, AREN'T YOU?"

Why should I? I outtalk you farther than you could outrun me, but I couldn't persuade people as you can."

"Oh, I don't know," said Austen with a smile; "you seem to be persuading me in spite of myself."

"Oh, that's easy," cried Hammond; "you want to work, you want something to do, and it's easy persuading a man whose pockets are empty. He has nothing to lose. What I want you to do is to go round to the newspapers and get acquainted with the business men and persuade them to give me a page advertisement in their papers and forty days' time on the payment."

"Um," remarked Austen doubtfully; "and suppose the money doesn't come in before the forty days are up?"

"But it will come in; it's *bound* to come in. If you can get me the space I'll write the ads. that will make the dimes just fly out of the pockets of every man or woman that uses soap."

"Won't anything less than a page do you? That will run into a lot of money."

"Look here, young man, let me give you a tip that will be of use to you when you begin business of your own. It's by going in for a big thing that you get anything at all—that is, on trust, I mean. Now look at me with my materials. I have taken a big four-storied house right here in New York, and I've got every room in that house filled with packets of Hammond's soap done up for postage. Now, how do you imagine I got the material? If I go round to a store and ask for a pound of tallow I've got to plank the money over the counter or I don't get it. If I shove it into my pocket and nod at the man and say I'll come round to-morrow and pay you for this, he'll have me by the collar before you can say Jack Robinson. I don't get out of the store till I've plastered the silver on him. But if I've got a first-rate letter-head with a good address on it, the Hammond Soap Company, registered under the laws of the State of New Jersey, and I have a typewritten letter asking for quotations for ten thousand pounds of tallow, you bet the manufacturers are anxious for my custom. They hand me in a quotation and call thirty days cash. I hand them in a kick and say I'm dealing on a sixty day basis, and by Jove! I get the stuff. Now, when you tackle a business man on a big newspaper, you remember the keenest thing he's after is advertisements, and that's what you've got to offer. The point he'll boggle on is the forty days' credit. He wants your ad. and he wants it bad. Now, what you've got to do is to overcome that little reluctance about the forty days. There's your job cut out for you. Now, I suppose coming down Broadway I must have met a hundred thousand people, more or less, but there's only one of that hundred thousand that can do the job I'm setting out for you, and it's because you can do it that I'm setting at this table with you."

Austen smiled as the little man ceased speaking. After all, enthusiasm is not to be sneered at. In spite of himself he found that he was succumbing to it.

"It seems to me," he said, "that if you succeeded with the tallow and the rest you would succeed equally well with the business managers of the press."

"I don't know but I might, I don't know but I might," admitted Hammond; "in fact, to tell you the truth, one paper did promise me a page; but the trouble with me now is that this advertising is too vital—I simply must have it. Here is my house chock full of soap from cellar to garret; my wife and I cooked it in the kitchen, and then we did the wrapping of it up in ten-cent packets with a catchy lithograph on the outside, working night and day. Why, we hardly got any sleep for two weeks; and now, by George! there isn't a room to sleep in. Soap everywhere and not a nickel to get anything to eat with, as the poet remarked. So you see, when I approach a grasping business man on a big paper I'm too anxious and I can't help showing it. This makes him suspicious and his natural desire for ads. is nullified. Now, you go into the business as cool as a cucumber. You dicker with him over the price and squeeze him down to the last cent. You show him that this is one of the biggest orders he's had for a year past, and the anxiety will be transferred to *his* shoulders. I know perfectly well that you'd talk just a hundredth part less than I'd do, but every word would touch the spot. Yes, sir, I bet you'd have that man calling you back from the door, begging you to take two pages at sixty days."

"Your belief in my powers is very flattering, but nevertheless, although the day of payment is postponed, the day of reckoning comes round. You have no money, as you have just admitted. Very well—what is to hinder one of the big firms in the same line of business taking a page next day and double discounting your offer? They could afford to do it, whereas with you it is 'Pike's Peak or bust.'"

"Look here," said Hammond, leaning across the table; "I wasn't afraid of the big firms in the first place and I'm not afraid of them now. There's not one of them alert enough to do what you suggest. Of course, it would be the right thing to do, and that shows I wasn't mistaken in selecting you, because what you have outlined is exactly what they *should* do, only I tell you they won't."

"Why won't they?"

"Because they've got something else to think of. Have you seen to-night's papers?"

"No, I haven't."

"Why, then, look here."

Hammond pulled out of his pocket a crumpled sheet that looked like a poster and spread it out before the millionaire, and he saw at once that his own doings had been given away by somebody. He scanned the paper with absorbed interest. Hammond was delighted.

"That's the way to take it, my boy," he said; "that's what I like to see—a man's eyes wide open to anything that attacks his trade. Now, you see those soap factories have got something else to think about at the present moment, and that gives you and me our chance."

"I wonder if all this is true," murmured Austen.

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FOR LOVE OF THE GAME

A Tale of a Magnate and a Mashie

By GEORGE HIBBARD

TO THOSE of a later American day Alexander Monson seemed as much out of place as a character from the stage—where alone indeed had they ever seen his like. In fact, for every one living thoroughly in the present a difficulty inevitably arose in crediting the existence of any one so guided by tradition; in accepting the reality of one so unmistakably bearing the ear-marks of another period. He seemed to belong to the race of old gentlemen hitherto believed only to exist in comedy, from whose coat-tail pocket a voluminous multi-colored handkerchief always protruded and on whose brow rested a pair of gold spectacles always sought in vain. Not that Alexander Monson was in the habit of actually appearing in this manner, for, in fact, when he blew his nose—to be sure, with a good old-fashioned blast—he made use of a square of white silk that had hitherto only coyly displayed a trimly protruding edge, and when he read he placed a neat pince-nez before his shrewd old eyes. But such was the impression he created. He was a "survival"—a vestige left over from a former Columbian age—one apparently no more likely to be met than a pliohippus at the Horse Show.

With a fine old-gentlemanly vigor he played his part, unceasingly opposing each innovation with petulant persistence. Indeed, to find himself after a long and successful life amid almost entirely changed conditions was trying, and his belief that all was going headlong in a mad course to certain destruction was perhaps to be understood. If his temper had permitted, a certain pathos might have been discovered in his position. Marius among the ruins of Carthage was not a more melancholy figure than Alexander Monson gazing reproachfully from the window of his house, overshadowed by sky-scraping office buildings, out upon Fifth Avenue at an automobile scattering the pedestrians at the crossing.

Fate, as if to work up the situation in a masterly and dramatic manner, had further aggravated his discomfort by placing at the other side of his dinner-table the personification, as it appeared to him, of all modern heedlessness. That he was the only person who found the appearance anything but charming did not in any way affect him, for indeed to all the world Miss Leila Monson was a vision of joy to be welcomed thankfully. But to her grandfather she seemed to sum up in her young, active and attractive figure so many of the tendencies to which he objected that he was continually harassed in striving to do what he considered his duty. With his beliefs and memories, that a young woman, for example, should prefer to be sunburned, was inconceivable; while to read of his granddaughter as the "runner up"—something he did not understand but which aroused all his ire—at a national golf match, made him shudder.

"I feel really sorry for grandpapa—at times," Leila Monson observed as she sat in the great, grim, old drawing-room where one almost stumbled over the roses in the design of the carpet and each chair stood up with the solidity of a rhinoceros. She gazed at the young man before her and thoughtfully shook her head. "It's really too bad to be always destroying cherished ideals. In grandpapa's youth, as nearly as I can understand, young women took care of their complexions and the canary and accepted the ideas and the husbands that were given to them. Truly, I hate to grieve him, but what can I do? I can't move the opera back to Fourteenth Street, and indeed that is very modern with him, or revive the Patriarchs. I can't help it if I have to dine at eight with people who did not dance at my grandmother's wedding, or go to balls at twelve in the houses of people who only built them yesterday. I can't change to-day into the day before yesterday or myself into a girl painted by Huntington instead of Sargent."

"Jim" Waldon stirred uneasily and groaned slightly.

"And he objects to me just as much."

"More," responded Leila with that frankness which was another thing so appalling to her grandfather. "Ever since he saw you playing golf at the Westmeadow Club he has growled at every mention of your name. He simply can't understand how a man who could be using the golden hours sitting in an office in Wall Street, making—or losing—money should spend them out-of-doors."

"I like it," said Waldon defensively.

"So do I," she replied. "But you can't expect an American man of his generation to do it. Why, in his day no young man ever took any exercise. I think they were generally making speeches when they weren't writing poetry, or, as they'd call it, worshiping at the shrine of Bacchus."

"I don't know what I can do."

"He seems so preoccupied now that everything angers him. There is some important business on his mind."

"And I have got to wait for his approval," complained Waldon.

"If," she answered slowly, "I could only feel that he were satisfied I should not hesitate—so much."

Waldon darted at her hand, seized it, and pressed it to his lips.

"I'll win you yet, my princess," he said, "if you *are* in this dragon-guarded old castle, held by its mouldy old ideas."

"You must go now," she commanded hurriedly. "There will be such a scene with grandpapa because I let you come."

But the possibility of such a scene Miss Leila Monson obviated by omitting to mention to her grandfather what had taken place. Perhaps she thought that as he did not ask she was not obliged to tell; perhaps she felt she did not wish to disturb him with what might cause him unnecessary uneasiness.

She was at the window as Alexander Monson arrived from downtown, and as she saw him descend from the brougham in which he always had himself driven up in dignified solitude, she noticed that he seemed older—certainly more worn and tired than usual. When he entered the house she accompanied him to the library. She sat watching him as he munched the biscuit and sipped the glass of sherry he had directed the ancient butler to bring to him.

"You seem worn out, grandpapa," she said.

"A hard day! A hard day!" he replied. "Such men as this Pryce are a menace to the country—another disgraceful result of the times."

"Mr. Stephen Pryce?" said the girl.

"Mr. Stephen Pryce," he repeated. "Not even a New Yorker—but as important as if all his family had always lived here. A stock operator——"

"But you are interested in stocks," Leila urged.

"That's different—entirely different," he assured her with stately impatience. "I am an investor—a legitimate investor. This Pryce is a mere speculator."

"I know that he has made an enormous fortune," she mused.

"Scandalous!" snapped Monson. "It is impossible to say what will not happen when such men are influential in business, in society, in politics. What is to become of the country when all the young men are idlers like James Waldon, with all their energies given to playing miserable games; and all the older men unprincipled adventurers——"

"Mr. Pryce has been doing something that you don't like?"

"He is most certainly in my way," said Monson. "In this matter of the D. N. & W.—but you wouldn't understand."

"Grandpapa," said the girl, sitting on the edge of the table, "why do you go on with all this business? Why do you wear yourself out with all this anxiety about making money? You know that you have more—much more than you want—than you can use."

"You don't understand," he repeated less acrimoniously; "I cannot do anything else. The position of one with a fortune like mine is trying—very trying. I am obliged to remain actively engaged, however much I may want to withdraw. Every day I promise myself shall be the last—but something unforeseen arises and I am drawn on."

"Can't hold yourself back, you mean, grandpapa," said the girl briskly. "You love the excitement of it; it all has a charm for you that keeps you at it. The power—the desire of being more clever than others and having it seen that you are. It's the only game you know and it fascinates you."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" fumed the old gentleman. "Go now! Go! I must lie down and rest for a few minutes."

As Leila made her way into the wide hall and slowly descended the broad stairs she spoke softly and thoughtfully to herself.

"Grandpapa is in it deeper than usual and he is afraid of Mr. Pryce. This would never be the time to speak to him about Jim."

And as she whispered the name, though she was alone, a soft red showed on her cheeks that was not the deep ruddy glow from the great stained-glass window on the landing.

When Waldon left the house in the early afternoon he walked slowly up the Avenue, alive with all the growing animation of the hour. He strolled on thinking of the dearness of the girl he had just left and how hard it was that he could not take her and bear her away then and there. He had worked determinedly but his position in a broker's office was not such as to entitle him to ask her to marry

AGAIN HE SWUNG TREMENDOUSLY

him. Still he had done it because he had found that he simply could not help telling her how he loved her, and she had listened to him silently and apparently not ill-pleased. But with his insufficient prospects and her grandfather's powerful opposition he felt that the case was hopeless.

He sighed deeply. Looking up he found himself beyond Madison Square. A sign caught his eye. Instinctively he remembered that he had promised a man to take out a golf club for him. He entered the shop, received the club and again went on.

He wondered if he had not been mistaken in taking the holiday which he knew he had earned and which the head of the firm had kindly offered him. To be sure, he had only a day off, but he asked himself whether he should not have been happier remaining in town and going on the morrow through the usual routine. Was he not mistaken in his interest in golf? Was he not foolish in thinking that he might find rest and change in it even now? Then he thought of the broad links stretching out in green undulations; of the wide, open sky with the changing clouds to watch; of the strong, pure air bringing exhilaration with every breath. He thought of the jolly talk as the game went on; of the pleasant companionship to which the formal contest gave interest. He thought of the changes and chances of the game itself; of the pleasure in a good stroke; of the interest of even a poor one in the determination to do better. In spite of himself memory and anticipation combined and made him move forward with a lighter step—look about with a brighter eye.

He had crossed the ferry and was walking up the platform of the station. He was early and loitered slowly along. As he advanced he heard a heavy step behind him. He turned and bowed quickly to a short, stout, red-faced, elderly man who advanced imperiously, through staring travelers and hurrying porters.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Pryce," Waldon said.

"Ah," growled the other. "How are you?"

The older man passed, then turned.

"Ah, Waldon, going out?" he asked.

"Yes. To Westmeadow."

"Come in my car," he commanded rather than invited.

Waldon knew that his father and Stephen Pryce had been friends. But the great operator had hardly noticed him—that he knew who he was Waldon could not feel at all sure. Following the important figure into the spacious luxury of a private car Waldon sat down as he was directed.

"Better than going out with the crowd," Pryce observed. "I knew your father."

As Waldon did not think of anything appropriate to say he remained silent.

Pryce sank into a chair and into silence, veiling himself behind a cloud of priceless smoke from a marvelous cigar. Waldon smoked in some embarrassment a like one that had been given to him.

"Running down for a holiday?" asked Pryce after a time.

"Yes," Waldon replied.

"So am I. They say I must take rest and exercise, but I don't want it—have change, but I can't find it. Business is exercise enough for me and there's enough change there to suit me. What's that?" he asked, pointing to the club which Waldon held in his hand.

"A niblick," he answered doubtfully.

"A what?" exclaimed the other.

"A niblick. A golf club."

"Oh, golf," snorted Pryce. "I should think that you'd want a game of a man's size."

Certainly Waldon felt that the "ancient and honorable" sport did not receive great consideration from those with whom he was thrown.

"I used to play left field in our nine when I was at school," Pryce volunteered. "I was a batter," he added reminiscently.

When Waldon followed his host of the train from the car through the small country station he saw that an automobile was waiting in the road.

"Going to the club?" asked Pryce.

"Yes." Waldon replied in the same staccato manner in which conversation had hitherto been carried on.

"Jump in," Pryce ordered.

In an instant they were lumbering rapidly through the country. The distance to the clubhouse was not great and the machine groaned and panted over it in a few minutes. When the automobile stopped before the door Waldon turned to his companion.

"I thank you very much——" he began.

"I'm going to get out, too," Pryce interrupted. "I've got an afternoon off just as you have."

Waldon went hurriedly to the dressing-room, quickly changed his clothes and shoes and returned to the veranda. Stephen Pryce was sitting in a low chair gazing in placid calm upon the prospect. Indeed, the pleasant day, the cheerful outlook, appeared to have a soothing effect upon him. Clearly he was in unusually good humor and disposed to lend himself somewhat ponderously to the influences of the hour.

Seeing Waldon go down the steps he sauntered after him. In the listlessness of idleness he lounged out with him to the first tee. As an occupation while waiting for the man with whom he had a match Waldon teed up a ball and drove it, the caddy having been sent down the course.

Waldon drove off another, a clean two-hundred-yard carry, without slice or pull—straight and true.

"Let me try that," said Pryce suddenly. "I told you that I used to be a batter."

The ball that Waldon had placed on the tee lay glittering on the pinched sand. Pryce took his stand, the club firmly knotted in his hands. He was a very powerful man and active though heavy. He swung the club carelessly and forcefully.

"There!" he cried triumphantly as the ball rose and sailed swiftly through the air.

A slight burst of applause from the few gathered about met the effort. Pryce smiled indulgently, and with airy indifference prepared to repeat the feat.

"I never thought that there was much in this game," he announced.

On a mound of sand he placed a new ball and again lifted the club. He was trying to hit even harder now. Again he swung tremendously. The club passed a foot above the shining sphere and Pryce almost turned a complete circle and sat down on the ground with the violence of his exertion. Somewhat surprised he turned again to the ball. Once more he hit at it. The club struck the earth a few inches behind it, throwing up a cloud of dust but leaving the ball unmoved. Stephen Pryce paused. He looked puzzled and muttered fiercely under his breath. Once more he poised himself with fresh determination. Again and again he swung. But the success which attends the beginner in his innocence and confidence was not to be repeated. At length he hit the ball so that it rolled for fifty yards from the tee.

"What do you do next?" he gasped, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"You need a brassy for that shot," answered Waldon.

"HE WAS SO GOOD-NATURED THAT I TOLD HIM AT ONCE"

"Here," called Pryce to the "professional" who had been looking on, "what's your name? Oh, MacNab. Bring me an outfit of these things. And I want a caddy, and come along yourself."

"Verra good, sir," said the man, looking at Pryce comprehendingly.

"My doctor said I needed exercise," Pryce explained apologetically, as he waited, to Waldon and those standing about.

The professional appeared with a caddy bag filled to repletion with new clubs.

"Ye'll find these, I'm thinkin', what ye'll want," he said.

A light came into Pryce's eyes as he drew a glittering cleek from the bag. The gleaming metal, the trim shaft, the soft leather of the wrapping seemed to attract him strangely. In many a man's soul, latent and unsuspected, exists a spirit of golf that like a concealed magazine only needs the spark of opportunity to set it off. It was in Stephen Pryce's soul and he exploded in exultation.

"I know just why I couldn't hit it," he explained to Waldon; "I'll show you a better shot than the first now."

The professional, who had in his long experience watched the incipience, growth and development in an instant of many a golfing passion, smiled with the sad, canny smile of a Scotchman and his kind. In a moment he wore his habitual seriousness.

"Ye'd best begin in the right way," he said insidiously.

"Very well," answered Pryce. "You show me. Waldon, have you got anything to do?"

"My man doesn't seem to be coming," answered Waldon, glancing about.

"All right," said Pryce eagerly, "we'll just play a little."

"I'll give you two strokes," added Waldon, interested and amused by the sudden downfall of the potentate.

"Two strokes!" Pryce exclaimed indignantly. "If I can't beat you with that—Here, you, caddy, give me a ball."

The afternoon was a memorable one at the Westmeadow Club. The news went abroad, carried by amazed onlookers into the smoking-room and even to the "Far" hole by excited caddies, that the magnate was on the links—not only on the links, but with club in hand pursuing a devastating course across them and through them—actually through them—for there was many a huge divot that was not replaced. A small crowd gathered and followed at a respectful distance. All unconscious of the excitement that he had created, Pryce went on his way; his one thought was the game, and he hung over every putt as he had never hung over a "ticker" in the most thrilling moments of his adventurous life.

"Did I 'follow through' that time?" he demanded with keen intensity after each drive, for he had reached that stage when the perversities of the game were telling on him and he was ready to cling to any support for aid and comfort. He talked to every one. He took every one into his confidence—asking docilely for advice, appealingly seeking encouragement. Those who knew the arrogant, confident Stephen Pryce of a rising market failed to recognize the anxious, excited man before them. He did not know himself, or rather he forgot himself. He was living as he had not lived since he was a boy, in inconsequent enjoyment of the moment, carried on by a glowing and growing exhilaration. And all through the course MacNab's monotonous chant followed him:

"Slow back, sir! Keep yer eye on the ball."

The sun was sinking as Pryce "approached" the "Home" hole with a neatness that put the ball well on the green.

"What!" he exclaimed, looking up and recognizing the clubhouse, "have we got back?"

"It's getting late," observed Waldon.

"Nonsense!" he replied impatiently. "We've time for a little more."

However, convinced at last that it was impossible to see the ball at a distance of ten yards he reluctantly allowed himself to be led to the veranda.

"I wish I'd kept my score," he muttered; "not so poor for a beginner. The fourth in nine, and the eighth in eleven, and the fourteenth in seven. Now that wasn't bad!"

He looked up so imploringly that Waldon answered with enthusiasm, "Really wonderful."

"You think I can make a player?" he asked anxiously of MacNab, who was carrying the great man's clubs.

"I've seen wor', sor," he answered with the professional's usual non-committal reluctance. "An' I don't say but with practeece—with practeece, sir——"

"Look here," commanded Pryce, "I don't want you to go out with any one else from now on. I take you for all the

time. Do you understand? And I want the best caddy by the day. And give me three or four of those drivers you were telling me about—of different weights. And I think I can do better with a 'goose-neck' putter. Let me have all you've got and I'll find one that suits me."

They had reached the automobile and Waldon held out his hand.

"Good-night, sir."

"What!" said Pryce, rousing himself. "Eh?"

"I'm staying at the club."

"No, you're not!" declared the other; "you're coming home with me. You're going to dine with me and stay all night. Here," he said, turning to the club servant, "put those sticks in the machine. I'm going to take them with me. And get your things," he directed Waldon.

Again Waldon found himself by the side of the magnate as the automobile whirred over the smooth roads. But a changed man sat beside him. Whereas Pryce had ridden before in gloomy silence, he talked, chatted even, continuously, a short laugh every now and then breaking his sentences.

"You say," he demanded of Waldon with an eagerness he had never displayed when putting through the most momentous deal, "that when a ball is in sand in a hazard that you must hit behind it."

"About half an inch," Waldon answered wearily.

"I could have saved three strokes in the second bunker of the ninth hole," Pryce murmured reminiscently and regretfully.

At dinner Waldon noticed that his host hurried the repast. He asked as many questions and talked as eagerly about the events of the afternoon as he had before, but his guest observed that he was thoughtful and was clearly engaged in turning over some matter in his mind.

When coffee was placed before him he took a few sips and then pushed the cup impatiently away.

"I've been thinking," he said, "that if there were something to represent holes that I could practice a little putting now."

"Oh, yes," Waldon assured him, "that can be done. We'll take the chalk from the billiard-table and mark circles on the rugs. I've tried that and it goes very well."

"The very thing," cried Pryce enthusiastically. "We'll do it at once. I think I'd like to see what I could do 'following through' on a putt as well as a drive."

"WHAT DID YOU SAY WAS THE LONGEST DRIVE ON RECORD?"

To the well-trained servants the proceedings of the master of the house for the next few hours were a source of infinite amazement. That he should drag his guest to the hall, give orders that all the chairs and lighter furniture should be removed and then proceed to dispose the rugs in all sorts of unusual places, led them almost to doubt his sanity.

"There!" said Pryce at length, gazing about him with pride. "Taking the music-room we've got a very fair five-hole course, with plenty of sporting hazards."

The butler himself took an occasional "flyer" and was accustomed to consider the man behind whose chair he stood with a regard unusual in butlers. His feelings when he saw the personage who loomed so great in the Street pursuing a small white ball down the steps he found it difficult to express to the other servants when he sought them for support.

"He was there with the young gentleman a-hoppin' along like a boy. An' talkin' a gabble. 'The like,' and 'Two more,' and 'One off three.' I can't hunderstand it."

"Do you think that we ought to send for the doctor?" asked the youngest of the younger housemaids.

"If I'd 'ah thought that 'ad been necessary," the butler answered with haughty reproof, "it 'ad been done."

Only toward midnight did Pryce allow Waldon to sink back exhausted in a chair in the smoking-room.

"I'm doing better," Pryce assured him.

"You are," replied Waldon thoughtlessly. "You ought to enter for the handicap to-morrow afternoon."

"How much should I get?" Pryce demanded, the spirit of the "mug hunter" springing full-blown in his breast.

"Twenty or thirty," Waldon replied.

"It's not enough," Pryce exclaimed hotly, the greedy discontent of the handicapped coming to him as if by instinct. "But I ought to be in town."

Pryce stood silent for a moment.

"I'll run away," he exclaimed gleefully. "I don't care whether school keeps or not. We'll go over in the morning and play round and then in the afternoon go into the match."

"In handicap matches the medal rule about not putting on the greens the same day is not observed," said Waldon.

Waldon was dozing off when the door of his room opened.

"What did you say," asked Pryce in the darkness, "was the longest drive on record?"

Waldon fell into a dreamless sleep. He was weary and only a few minutes seemed to have passed when he was suddenly aroused by a splintering crash.

(Continued on Page 22)

MR. TYCE'S MESSAGE

By WILL PAYNE

In Which the Case is Laid Before the Court of Last Appeal

THE dining-room of the Blue Ridge House was cleared directly after the six o'clock supper. All the tables but one were moved into the back yard. The one table was set against the wall and draped with red, white and blue bunting. Three wooden chairs were placed upon it. The other wooden chairs were put in a row around the walls. William, the negro porter, as happy as a dog before the hunt, walked over the floor, which bulged up in the middle, shaving wax candles and treading the wax into the pine boards. Now and then he stopped, with a mellow, gurgling "Yah, yah," and did a shuffle all alone.

At Lafe's Place, three doors away, Lafe himself was mixing a huge yellow washbowl full of "Tom and Jerry." It was the night of the dance.

Bob Terhune sat in his room upstairs. He had never been so nervous in his life, not even before his first day in court. He was living the hour with an intenseness that half stunned him. His strong young current of life whirled in an eddy. The perspective had closed up. There was no past, no future. Everything fused in the throbbing question, "Will she come and shall I have a chance to speak to her?" Long before the dance could have begun he heard faintly a voice from below. His blood leapt and he stood up as at a word of command, his lips apart. But, of course, it was not her voice. "Why, this is merely idiotic!" he said to himself in disgust, and paced across the little room and sat down again, listening. He could only wait.

Miss Hynes would soon be going back to her relatives in Massachusetts. It was now four years since the day he had encountered her, abruptly, in her father's bank, and stood helpless, shot through and through, while she passed. She had come and gone, the creature of a superior plane. He knew that she liked Blue Ridge little enough, and to her he was of Blue Ridge. But he could not help that. This time, although she still held him at arms' length and tormented him, he had got on with her further than ever before; so far that he had counted upon taking her to the dance—then, something might happen.

But the week before, it being the winter term of the circuit court, he had been left alone for the first time in his life. His partner, Tyce, was ill and unable to appear. Alone he had fought out their big case of Perry versus The Blue Ridge Bank for a day and a half, with the clever old hands Webster and Lett against him. And he had won. Tyce had cried, "Bully, Bob! You're a lawyer now! You can go it alone anywhere!" That would have been pleasant—only, to win he had quarreled with Jacob Hynes, a partner in the bank, and her father. Hynes, on the witness stand, had proposed to walk calmly away from the young barrister. Bob had pitched into him, wrung out the answers he wanted and won the case. But Hynes, the austere man, had made it a personal matter and refused to speak to Bob after the trial. A fellow who had a quarrel with the father couldn't very well ask the daughter to go to a dance.

Although it was early in the evening the sounds from below told that people were beginning to gather. Terhune wished to go down there and watch for her; yet waited. He wished to go in and see his partner—poor Tyce; Bob feared he was very ill and was deeply anxious about him—but he knew that he couldn't talk. He was living the moment too intensely. The strong current whirled in its eddy.

At the other end of the hall Tyce sat in his room alone, in a big wooden rocker before the glowing base-burner stove. An old dressing-gown, once brightly flowered, was wrapped around his gaunt person. The skin of his face, of a fine waxen whiteness, was drawn tight over the high cheek-bones. His dark eyes and coarse black hair and beard made the pallor more striking, and with the old flowered dressing-gown, a thin bed-quilt spread over his bony knees, he had a strange appearance.

Tyce was looking away at the window against which the dark pressed like a solid body. In spite of the glowing stove there was a rim of hoary frost around the pane. It was twenty degrees below zero outside. A vast icy wind blew down from the north, sweeping across the floor of winter-locked prairie like a viewless spirit of death with wide, fixed eyes and impassive face.

"Quick consumption," little, sandy-haired Doctor Howell had said to him a month before; "you must get away from here, Tyce; get south; a half-dozen breaths of a blizzard will snuff you out like a candle."

"And I always had a fancy for going out like a keg of gunpowder, too," Tyce had answered easily.

Now he sat staring at the window, his mind relaxed, vaguely haunted by the past, his tide of life at the lowest ebb. He had wasted himself foolishly. But many things drifted across the wide perspective of his dreaming mind—even the young wife whom he had left thirty years ago, whom thirty years of reckless living had all but washed from his memory.

His in-dwelling eye beheld the miserable little town, the icy wind ruffling up the thick hair of a solitary bronco tied in front of the post-office in the dark; the few shabby little frame stores facing the deserted street, with windows so thickly frosted over that the oil lamps within made only a feeble glow on the panes—a sorry enough place, full of greed and meanness. He saw the little Blue Ridge Bank of Sutton & Hynes, a one-story affair of brick, with a ridiculous iron cornice half as big as itself. He knew of numberless mean rascalities that threaded to this bank, which sat upon the whole community like a capstone in the edifice—and what an edifice! How much that was dirty, mean, rascally, did he not know of it? Especially he remembered the case of the pious Dormin, Dave Trimble's partner and Jacob Hynes' friend, who had died without kin, leaving an estate of $6000 and a strange will which bequeathed everything for a new church, with a memorial window for himself. Hynes was chairman of the committee which the church appointed and Dave Trimble was executor of the will. Well, the whole greedy pack had taken its pickings of the estate. Val Deringer put in a bill for the coffin large enough to pay for painting his store. Trimble and his wife had a month's gala excursion to their Pennsylvania homestead, and charged up every cent of the expenses to the estate because they stopped over night in Dormin's Ohio town. Everybody in the inner circle pulled out a plum! Some took a double handful. Finally, there was money enough to pay for the window, but none to build the church. The window was stored in the basement

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories of Blue Ridge, each one complete in itself.

of the old church until the janitor carelessly dropped a hammer through it.

Tyce had followed the affair because it tickled his sardonic humor. He had the sort of humor which likes to bite deep sometimes. The Dormin case appealed to him. If he were to go away from this Blue Ridge an invalid, perhaps never to return, what a fine legacy it would be to leave a bill in equity which would embody the whole miserable story: which would strip the eminent Hynes and the whole eminent pack naked and set them out in the middle of the street to be haw-hawed and pointed at. What ineffable ridicule he could put in that bill! How he could wrap them all around with everlasting contempt! He felt the teeth of his humor whetting for the task, and already he had a bundle of manuscript in his lap.

But his relaxed, haunted mind dreamed on, with widening vistas. He had been through many things in thirty careless, wasteful years. Now, out there in the vast dark wind was there something new that he had never seen coming on to him? Could a man in these ridiculously vulgar surroundings receive the visit of that majestic stranger? His mind protested. His illness itself was a dreadfully shabby, commonplace thing to die of. This miserable town, the poor little room in a poor little hotel, with preparations for a poor little dance going on below—could a man's eyes behold these mean things and the next day see God? His mind protested. At least he might have a good death. Well, if it had to be that way he could go off with a jibe. He would leave behind him a picture of Blue Ridge that they should remember Tyce by; and in that way at least there would be something like a dramatic climax. He had the manuscript in his lap.

He had wasted himself. But there was Bob. For nine years, now, he had been bringing the youngster up in the law—ever since the night when Bob was laid on the sofa in his office with a cracked pate after the raid on the Eagle office where he had been trying to learn to be a printer. Well, that had been well done. Only Bob had been fine. Now he was set up sturdily on his own legs. Perhaps that was the way it had been meant.

But foolish Bob had his troubles over the pretty girl. "If I could leave him her!" Tyce thought. And along with the message of contempt to Blue Ridge he brooded over a message of love to Bob.

The vast icy wind which softly and incessantly rattled the sash of the window said: "Come out and die, James Tyce; your story is done." Tyce replied: "Very well; but I must prepare a shot or two before I go; I must leave a message for this Blue Ridge; and I must leave a message for Bob."

The sounds from below, heralding the dance, came up to him. It irritated him—this cheap little dance downstairs, and upstairs the man looking at death. That was part of Blue Ridge, where everything must be vulgar.

By eight o'clock fellows and their girls, married couples, girlless fellows and fellowless girls gathered, sitting in the chairs, promenading, trying to warm themselves into sociability. Some couples of young girls waltzed over the floor together without music.

Lee Henley appeared with his fiddle and climbed on the table. Then came Val Deringer with his fiddle and Johnny Cranz with his dented brass cornet. Lee Henley threw his towsled fur cap to the floor and tuned up. Terhune heard the tuning up and the tightening keys seemed to be drawing his own nerves.

"Take partners for the grand march!" Lee Henley shouted in his high sing-song. The fiddles scraped, the horn blared, Henley wagging his head and clumping loudly with his heel to mark the time. The dance began.

Terhune stood up. He knew that his excited, overwrought mood was ridiculous. But he could not help it. "If I should—find her down there!" his thought whispered. And he went down to the door which opened to the dining-room from the end of the hall. He stood head and shoulders above a group of dining-room girls and kitchen help who had gathered in that place of vantage to see the march. The procession of dancers moved by him, and he watched it steadily.

There were Dave Trimble and his wife, walking along solemnly; the pretty Carricker girl with Billy Murphy, Lafe's son, splendid in a dress-coat—the only one there, and that one said to be a relic of Billy's brief term as head waiter in a Lincoln hotel. So they flowed by—but not Janet Hynes. After the march Bob walked the length of the floor and back. She was not there. But he could not give it up. He sat down in a corner, eating his disappointment.

There was a quadrille next. Lee Henley "called off" in his high sing-song. The harnessmaker, Dewstrow, who was bowlegged, shone in a quadrille, executing the most amazing steps, shying away to the wall and whirling back again, the tails of his long black coat flying, his bowlegs in astonishing convolutions.

Bob sat in his corner as though he had been nailed there, and when the quadrille was breaking up he saw her, abruptly. She had come in with young Mr. and Mrs. Lett and was standing by the front door looking on, smiling a little. They were going over to the seats in the corner.

She was a small person, trimly and gracefully made, with a clear white skin, a short, straight little nose, heavy hair the color of wheat straw, and odd, amber eyes. This was not much, perhaps, and Bob had no idea what she wore. But the instant he saw her it was like a flood of light turned on, a curtain raised. The drama which had been working in his mind sprang forth in objective action. He dared not go over to her, or even move. He had quarreled with her father. Would she snub him? He was held to his chair, looking down the length of the room at her.

She stood up with young Mr. Lett. The fiddles scraped and the horn blared, far off. They began waltzing. Terhune's heart beat higher and higher as they approached in the dancing ring. They came to that end. He saw her glancing feet and the swirl of her skirts, and looked up; but she was not looking that way; already her back was turned. They swung out, in the motion of the dance, and whirled by him so close that her skirt brushed his knees and he felt the rhythmic pulse of her breath in the exercise of dancing. But she did not or would not look at him. Others intervened. He stared over at Lee Henley who was scraping away mightily, wagging his head with the towsled fur cap on it and clumping loudly with his heel to mark the time. After she passed him again he thought she saw him. Their eyes seemed to meet. But she was turning. The glance merely slid by. He could not be sure that she had seen him at all. She returned to her corner. Again he thought she was looking at him, but he was not sure; it was too far.

There was another quadrille, during which Terhune sat motionless in his chair. He had no courage here. The floor cleared after the dance. There was the intermission during which people got their breath, sat fanning themselves, or walked about being sociable. With his eye Terhune again measured the distance from his corner to hers. It seemed so simple—merely to rise, walk over there, say "Good-evening."

LEE HENLEY

Then he saw her rise and come briskly down the room, a graceful little person at whom many people looked. She came on. He understood that she was coming to him, in the face of the people. It seemed graciously beautiful. He sprang up.

"Are you lame?" she asked. "You could have brought your chair with you if you were afraid of losing it." Her mischievous eyes made fun of him.

"I don't dance, you know," he stammered.

"And you were afraid I'd tease you to. You didn't know that Billy Murphy had asked me. I couldn't very well come down to you after dancing with Billy in his dress-coat. Will you promise to cry 'Soup!' when we go by? You'll not have to get up to do that, you know."

She always tormented him more or less. Her lighter wit flitted away from his clumsy hand like a bird. He could not come near her.

Val Deringer, who was the furniture man and undertaker in private life, came down from the musicians' table and went through the next waltz with his wife. They were so square that his pudgy arm reached only half-way around her broad waist, and they turned slowly around and around in one direction, without reversing, like two thick, slowly revolving mill posts. The end of the dance left them near Bob's corner, and Val came up, perspiring, wiping his red face on a large handkerchief.

"How's Tyce to-night?" he asked cheerfully.

"No better," said Bob.

"Ain't going to get well, is he?" Val asked, still cheerfully.

"I hope to get him away south next week," said Bob with pain.

"Huh? Take him away south? My goodness! that'll cost a lot!"

Val spoke with an evident touch of alarm, holding the large handkerchief half-way to his face.

"The doctor advises it."

"Doc Howell! That's a nice thing—sending people away from home!" Val's red face wore a look of reproach. "That's always the way here in Blue Ridge—send people off somewhere—spend the money away from home!" The sense of his injury overcame him. "I was going to tell you that I'd just got in a fine line of metallic caskets—something extra fine. But I suppose you'll do as you please."

For a moment Miss Hynes had nothing to say. She only looked up at Bob, and he felt it unnecessary for her to say anything. The still sympathy came strong and sweet.

"Is he really—very ill?" she asked in a low voice.

"He will die—unless I can get him away," Bob answered. "Deringer is like most of the rest. They have seen all his faults. And you have, too, no doubt. But I would trade lungs with him if I could." He spoke with a simple, mournful sincerity.

The girl still looked up at him. A faint smile moved her lips—of such quality that she seemed to confess something, to humble herself before him. "Ah—but he has had you," she murmured.

Terhune also smiled a little, mournfully. "It isn't much," he said, his eyes holding hers; "no one else wants me."

Finally, after four years of infinite patience, he had come that close to her—as though at last, in this moment, the big, helplessly clumsy hand had found her guard down, and the strong finger, with great gentleness, had reached in and touched her heart.

The touch startled every fibre of her body; but her wit was quick.

"How late is it?" she asked. "Would Mr. Tyce like to see me and Mrs. Lett a moment? Would it please him, do you think?"

"Oh, yes! I'm sure it would! It would please him. I'll run up and see." In the admiration of her kindness to Tyce Bob forgot the moment before. He hastened upstairs, and came back for them. Thus, at half-past nine, he was showing Janet and Mrs. Lett into the sick man's room.

Tyce still sat in the big rocker before the stove. He had slipped the roll of manuscript under the thin quilt that lay over his knees. Bob and Janet stood before him. He felt the strong, warm current of their lives. There was something about the girl—he had never noticed it before, often as he had seen her. It was in the dear curve of her lips, or a clear note in her voice, or the round smoothness of her chin. Within his haunted mind the vista opened wider, extended further.

He knew that she was talking to him brightly. They had played at quips half a dozen times. But Tyce had no jokes to-night. Miss Hynes felt that her talk was not a success, however bravely she kept it up. The lawyer's large, dark eyes looked out at her from his waxen face in a strangely powerful, penetrating way.

"You remind me of some one," he said abruptly.

She did not attempt a reply. The air of lightness had quite failed. She stood beside his chair, looking down at him gravely, with an inward trembling.

"We parted thirty years ago," the weak and hoarse voice continued. "She could not forgive me my trespasses. Nobody ever could except Bob."

The girl felt something tragic out of the shadowy past of the man's life shaping itself and issuing forth to her at the edge of his grave.

"Do you forgive, Mr. Tyce?" she asked softly.

Suddenly Tyce felt the weight of the manuscript in his lap. "Sometimes," he answered. "I forgive her, if there's anything to forgive."

When they were ready to leave she stood again beside his chair, looking gravely into his eyes. "I shall see you again before you go," she said. He had come very close to her. She felt that he wished to speak to her; that he had something to tell her, a message to leave.

"Yes," he said; "you will see me again—you and Bob." The strange penetrating power looked from his brooding eyes. He, too, felt that he had a message for her.

When they left him alone again the atmosphere of the girl remained about him. The vista of his dreaming mind widened and lengthened. Why should this girl bring back that young wife, whom thirty years of reckless living had eaten out of his very memory? Why should it be coming

back to him now that the sun shone brightly and flowers grew plentifully in the world?

A little after ten William, the negro porter, returning with a group of dancers from his fourth trip to Lafe's Place, remembered Tyce. Treating William was one of the regular incidents of a festal occasion in Blue Ridge. William's loud, mellow laugh, "Yah, yah!" sounded often in the cold dark as the party came straggling down the alley. He thought the dance a tremendous success; but he went up to the lawyer's room at once.

"Powerful hot in heah, Misteh Tyce," he observed.

"Yes, I'm in a perspiration; let in some air. How's the dance?" The good-natured, exuberantly happy darky amused the sick man.

"Oh, dance's fine, seh," said William from the window. "Val Deringer t'ree-fort's full a'ready. Old boys is havin' the mos' fun, anyway. But Missus Deringer mighty mad." He grinned happily, bending his great body to pick up the coal-hod. "I declare, you ain't got no mo' coal!" he said. "I git some right off."

He swung out of the room, a-grin, and clumped downstairs, carrying the coal-hod and humming the dance tune.

The sounds from below came up more loudly because William had left the door open.

Tyce sat listening dreamily to the scraping fiddles and blaring horn and the rhythmic shuffle of the dancers' feet. Suddenly it occurred to him, "Bob is down there with the girl he loves, very happy."

The poor little town, with its greed and meannesses, the shabby buildings, people unlovely and stupid, with poverty-stricken outlook upon life, the vulgar things about one—how much did all that matter finally if one were young and in love and the girl were gracious? The great robe was woven here as well as anywhere else. There was loving, marrying—ah, there was dying, for he was dying.

He shivered and pulled up the quilt. Then he perceived that the room was growing very cold, for William had left the window and the door wide open.

Tyce drew the quilt around him as closely as he could and huddled near the stove, shivering. William would return in a moment. The great, icy breath of the cold invaded the room, took possession of it. The lawyer felt it penetrating his thin frame. This would not do.

Minutes passed, but William did not return. Tyce looked around his chair for the stick with which he pounded on the floor, but the careless negro had mislaid it. He called, but his weak voice was lost in the sounds that came from below. He was angry now. It was ridiculous for William to go off and forget him like this. His teeth were chattering and he felt the steady, impartial hand of the cold bearing down his life. By an effort he stood up, clutching the quilt about him with blue fingers. The roll of manuscript fell to the floor. He hurried over to the open window and tried to close it. The catch stuck. As he stood before the open sash the huge cold struck him full. It no longer cut as with little knives; but its great sword ran through and through his lungs. He struggled at the catch with both hands, the quilt falling from his shoulders to the floor. Exerting all his strength, he loosened the catch and slowly forced the sash down.

When the window was closed he stood before it gasping and trembling, clutching at the sash with nerveless fingers to steady himself. And amid the confusing rushing in his head which the exertion caused, he saw the immense dark outside, swept by the cold that was like a vast, viewless, impartial spirit of death. The thought came to him: "Ah, so at last I have met it full, and received the stroke!"

He crept back, got the hall door and the door to the stove closed and sank in his chair, quite exhausted physically and his mind numbed. He was breathing with much difficulty and now and again the sword passed through his lungs.

Presently it seemed that he heard a voice calling him. He started a little, and at once his dimmed mind burned up brightly, so that he understood everything clearly.

He stooped with some effort and gathered up the manuscript, and put it in the fire. "Forgive us our trespasses," he thought.

The message that he had thought to leave for Bob with her; the scornful and dramatic exit which it had pleased him to imagine for himself; the poor little scene with its shabby buildings and vulgar people—all that mattered not at all. The mean manner of his own death, due to the inadvertence of a drunken porter, with a dance going on below, mattered not at all. It mattered nothing that he was alone. He had lived his life, and now he was ending it.

BUT TYCE HAD NO JOKES TO-NIGHT

At the window he had been in majestic company. He had received the stroke which it became a man to accept calmly and with dignity, however it came.

Only—if he could give Bob his wish. He brought the girl back to him. Ah, if he could place her by Bob's side!

His body warned him. He found his way to the bed, laid down and pulled the quilt over him. Yes, if he could see Bob have his wish. In a last effort he sent out his mind to her with power. His lungs folded up. Well, a man lived and died—so the great robe was woven.

The dance went on. Terhune was very happy. This night had been unlike all others, because she had been different. Especially just after they came down from Tyce's room there was the subtle but world-wide change. She let him stand near her. But he understood that she did not wish him with her too much. In fact, after ten o'clock he spoke to her but seldom. She danced a good deal and seemed to be having fun; but she did not dance with him.

Janet had a purpose in avoiding him. She was deeply shaken. At last he had broken through her guard, and there was a stubborn happiness which she resisted, for what had she to do with Blue Ridge? She had long ago rejected it. Were all her fine plans going to pieces, as though she were a sentimental schoolgirl? She did not like sentiment herself. And if her plans were not going to pieces what business had she to let Bob Terhune come near her? He was too steadfast, too loyal, too beautifully honest, for one to be anything else than honest with him. Anything else would be detestable. Agitated, feeling the power and the danger, she kept on dancing.

JANET HYNES

At three o'clock in the morning Val Deringer stumbled and sat down on his fiddle, shattering it. He waved the wreck in the air over his head. "Hooray! Hooray!" he shouted; waved the wreck and clumped Johnny Cranz over the head with it, shouting again, "Hooray! Hooray!"

Mrs. Deringer's long-pent storm then burst. She sprang from the seat which she had gloomily kept the last hour, sailed to the musicians' table and grasped her good man's coat. "You come with me!" she shrilled furiously. "Hooray! Hooray!" Valentine shouted, waving the stump of the fiddle.

Miss Hynes was on the floor with young Mr. Lett. Well, perhaps this was enough. "Let us go," she said quickly, and tossed Blue Ridge away from her.

She and Mrs. Lett hurried to get their wraps. She knew that she was running away and that Bob Terhune was standing around waiting for a word. She felt the big, heroic figure—that had waited so patiently, and a lump came in her throat. It was a mean thing to do, but what could she have to do with Blue Ridge? Her heart said, Forgive me, Bob! But she went out into the hall with Mrs. Lett to join Mr. Lett and go home.

The landlord was running downstairs and there was a commotion among the half-dozen people in the hall.

A moment later Terhune was standing on the floor not far from the door. Others were going and he knew that Janet was going, too, or had gone. She had avoided him at last. He thought, Oh, my dear girl, you might just have said "Good-night"; I should have asked nothing else now.

He turned away. Then he heard her just at his side saying softly, "Bob! Oh, Bob!"

As he looked around quickly she got both his big hands in hers, holding them near her breast, bending toward him. People were looking, and he could not understand, nor could he read the strange message in her eyes. "Bob, dear, Mr. Tyce is dead," said the soft voice.

He felt everything give way as the color washed out of his face.

"No—not dead," he stammered.

"Yes, dear, he is dead. They found him in his bed."

The voice seemed to fold him around with an infinitude of tenderness. He vaguely felt something miraculous, half divine, in this love which sprang up to him out of his friend's death. Yet his faculties were stunned.

He stared slowly around at many open-mouthed, curious faces, as though he wished to question some one. He vaguely understood the faces, too, gaping, curious. His eyes came back to the girl. There was nobody—unless it were she.

She comprehended the great wrench, the helpless, outthrown look for sympathy—which must come back to her. His loneliness in that moment seemed great and tragic.

"I'll go up," he muttered.

"Come, then," she said, and took his arm.

He did not try to understand, but in that way they walked from the room, up the stairs under a hundred curious eyes, and to Tyce, her hand within his arm, like a pale groom and his bride.

Tyce lay dead on the bed, and they stood beside him, unconsciously in the attitude of a bridal pair, as he had wished to see them.

"To Whom It May Concern"

WHEN the news of the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga reached the State Department at Washington there was some discussion about the propriety of sending a cablegram of condolence.

"No, no," said Third Assistant Secretary Adee, "nothing is to be done in a case of this kind. Besides, there's nobody to send it to. The King and Queen are dead and the Government has no head."

"Why not send it addressed 'To Whom It May Concern?'" asked a demure young stenographer.

THE OFFICE BOY'S LYRICS

By S. E. KISER

With Pictures by John T. McCutcheon

I WISH THAT I WAS SIX FEET TALL

VII

Where is the rose that yesterday
I seen her wearin' in her hair?
I smelt it while she wrote away
And I was just behind her chair;
I stood there wishin' I could scare
Up nerve to brace her when the door
Was opened and the boss was there.
Where is the red rose that she wore?

I wish I'd had the gall to act;
She might of had a leaf to spare.
I let a bully chance go past
By standin' like a chump to stare
Instead of bracin' up to dare;
Just thinkin' of it makes me sore
Enough to almost rip and tear,
Where is the red rose that she wore?

The thing that makes me saddest, though,
Is that some other chap somewhere
May have her rose and she don't know
That if I knew it I would care.
I wish the boss had watched a pair
Of bulldogs scrap a while before
He put me all up in the air.
Where is the red rose that she wore?

Fools, when you let a chance that's fair
Go past it don't come back no more;
It's gone for good, that's on the square.
Where is the red rose that she wore?

I LET A BULLY CHANCE GO PAST

VIII

The boss jumped on me here, one day,
And called me down — before her, too —
Because I didn't run to do
The job he gave me, right away.

I stood beside her desk a while,
Forgettin' what he'd said to me,
And thought how happy I would be
If she'd look up at me and smile.

I felt all kind of queer inside,
And wished she'd want me for her beau
And we'd get married then and go
Through life together till we died.

I stood there watchin' while she wrote,
With cheeks so soft and smooth and red;
I felt all dreamy in my head
And kind of choky in my throat.

"Come, hustle up," the old man said,
"Don't stand there gapin' like a dunce,
Do what I told you to at once,
Or if you're sick, go home to bed."

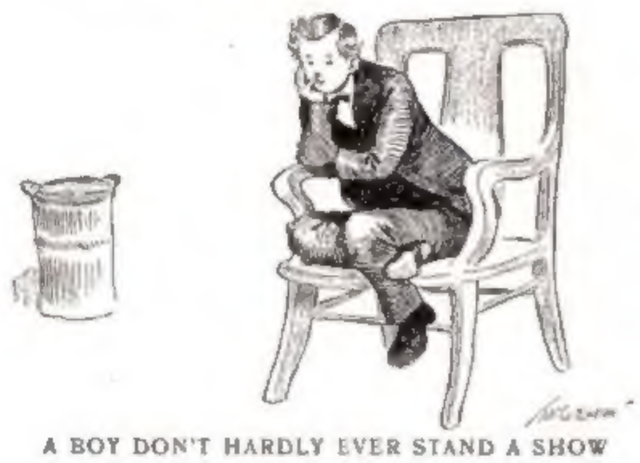
Gee, but I hated him that day!
I wish I'd be the boss somewhere
And he was workin' for me there
And had to do what I would say.

I guess I wouldn't do a thing
But kick him up and down the hall —
I wish that I was six feet tall
And was the champeen of the ring.

When he had went to lunch and she
Had spread her meal out in her lap,
She said: "Don't worry, little chap,
Set down and have a bite with me.

"You ought to hurry out, you know,
When he gives orders — but don't cry —
He's all upset to-day, that's why
He scolded you a while ago."

She gave a kind of little sigh
And looked up at me, sweet and sad,
And then I thought that I'd be glad
If I could shut my eyes and die.



A BOY DON'T HARDLY EVER STAND A SHOW

I wish tears wouldn't come to make
You feel ashamed when girls are there —
She told me to pull up a chair,
And offered me a piece of cake.

It felt as though I'd have to burst
Right out and bawl, I felt so bad —
Besides the tears that made me mad
She called me little — that's the worst.

I'd like to fix a scheme some way
To make the boss come down a peg
By stickin' something in his leg
And lettin' folks hear what he'd say.

Or else I wish his chair, when he
Puts up his feet and leans way back
Would break, and he'd come down kersmack!
And couldn't blame it on to me.

But nothin' that you wish comes true:
One night I seen the slim new moon
And wished she'd love me and that soon
She'd hand her beau his ticket, too.

Still, mebby if I wait it might
Be that she'd throw him down and then
Choose me from all the other men,
And so make things come out all right.

IX

I wonder why it always seems as though
A boy don't hardly ever stand a show
To get the things he'd rather have, or be
The way he'd like to be; it seems to me
That nearly all the time his cake is dough.
Folks never tell him what he wants to know,
Nor let him go the way he'd rather go,
Nor let him see the things he'd rather see.
I wonder why?

I HAD TO LAUGH

The girl he loves is sure to have a beau,
And call him "Bub" or "Son" or something so
He feels about as little as a pea;
Most everybody seems to think that he
Ain't got no license to be livin'— oh,
I wonder why?

X

I guess the woman that scrubs here at night
Has got it for the mean things that she said
About Grace usin' paint, all right, all right —
I had to laugh till I was nearly dead.

When all the rest had went away and she
Was cleanin' up and didn't see me there,
I got a string and snuck in quietly
And tied it to the high bookkeeper's chair.

And then when she clum up to wipe the dust
From where she couldn't reach, I yanked away —
It seemed as though a ton of brick had just
Caved in there and the dickens was to pay.

She blames it on the janitor, for he
Run in, about a second after that,
And she got up as mad as she could be,
And took the mop-stick and knocked off his hat.

I'm kind of glad it didn't hurt her, though;
Last night I stayed and helped her scrub the floor —
If I was boss and had a lot of dough
I'd fix it so she needn't work no more.

XI

I guess the boss won't call me down no more,
Or think that I'm no good around the place,
Or jump on me when he is feelin' sore
Because I stand a while and look at Grace.

When he was givin' dictates yesterday,
A man he sent to jail a while ago,
Because he stole, come tearin' in and they
Got busy in a minute, then, or so.

AND ME SO SCARED I COULDN'T EVEN YELL

I'd hate to say the things that villen said,
He kicked a chair across the room and swore,
And then he struck at Mr. Wharton's head —
Grace gave a scream and got behind the door.

I stood there nearly paralyzed a while,
And felt all kind of chilly down the back;
The boss put in one lick in bully style,
But pretty soon he got a nasty crack.

They scrapped around the room with all their might
And me so scared I couldn't even yell:
It seemed to be almost an even fight
Till Mr. Wharton tripped himself and fell.

Then, all at once, I got my nerve again;
They'd smashed a chair: I grabbed a laig and run
To where the tough was on my boss, and then
I swung the piece of laig and smashed him one.

They wasn't any fightin' after that;
The chap he just rolled over on the floor,
And give a groan, and then laid still and flat,
And didn't seem to notice things no more.

Then Green come tearin' in, and after while
A cop arrived and helped to bring him to,
And said: "Well, Son, you done him up in style —
Come, mister, I've a carriage here for you."

I wish they wouldn't always call me Son!
When things were straightened up, Grace held my hand
And told me it was noble what I done —
My knees shook so that I could hardly stand.

I guess I'll git a raise; won't maw be glad!
She said the other day she wished I would —
The next time when a chap comes in here mad
And sees that I'm here mebby he'll be good.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Gore Valley Viaduct

The Story of a Business Deal

By Hubert McBean Johnston

"YOU see, Fonger," said Haliburton, explaining the matter to the stock-clerk, "it's this way: if Murphy had got the job on the first go off he'd a' taken it at a decent price. But O'Brien & Parker was the low bid an' they took the whole nine miles between Lenox and Middleburg. Then, it struck them they had too much an' that's the way they come to sublet this three-mile hunk to the old man."

"Well, what's that got to do with him sending *you* down here?"

"I'm gettin' to that," responded the new superintendent. "When he signed the papers he didn't start work right away and then the price of cement took a jump. When he was ready to go ahead, considerin' that O'Brien & Parker's profits had to be reckoned on as well as his own, there wasn't room for him to make nothin' out of it at all. So the old man told Whitner to come down and do the job and scamp it for all it was worth; but bein' the crack superintendent and havin' a bit o' reputation o' his own, Whitner says to him, 'You go soak your head.' Then Murphy sent me down because there weren't no one better."

"Told you, I reckon, that it wouldn't hurt the quality of the piers none if you was to drop an empty barrel here and there in the middle o' a pile o' concrete," drawled the stock-clerk.

"Not exactly," answered Haliburton, smiling; "just kinder suggested, though, that it wouldn't hurt my standin' with him to keep down expenses all I could. Said he wasn't interferin' at all but that he'd like to have the balance on the right side when I was done."

The superintendent's left eyelid took a significant droop.

"Then," said Fonger, "I suppose here's where I take to the pines and the tall grass and figger up how much cement we're *not* goin' to need."

Haliburton did not answer for a moment.

"I ain't got no reputation to lose worth speakin' of," said he at length, "but I was just thinkin' that p'raps I might do somethin' along the line o' makin' one. This is the first job worth a red that I've ever had the bossin' of and it seems to me that it would be a shame not to make it somethin' worth while. Between you and me, Fonger, I guess maybe you won't need to fix that cement book. I've got a scheme and I reckon we'll give Gore Valley a trestlework that'll carry cars for a day or two more'n Murphy counts on."

Haliburton very quickly set about working out his ideas. He disappointed the railway company's inspector, who had hoped to be called upon to pass a crooked job and line his pocket at the contractor's expense. The subject was not openly broached. Both were too wary and had been on too many jobs for that; but when Haliburton discharged two foremen who had been accustomed to different conditions, the inspector had suspicions that the land did not lie to suit him.

Then the superintendent wrote a letter to John Sears.

Sears was the owner of extensive peat marl beds about fifteen miles down the line and the proprietor of a rather one-horse cement-mill. For years he had vainly endeavored to get Three Star Portland well placed on some important work but had never been able to obtain a foothold. Consequently, in reply to Haliburton's note, he came up on the jump.

The superintendent received him affably.

"Mr. Sears," said he, "what are you selling Three Star Portland for? It's fairly good stuff—answers our purpose all right, you know—an' I was thinkin' that if we could get the price right, maybe we might use it on the Gore Valley Viaduct."

Sears was in ecstasy. Even in his wildest dreams he had never dared to hope for such luck. This would mean his making.

"I guess we can fix that," replied he, smoothly concealing his feelings. "The distance for transporting it is short and, at the market price, Three Star would effect you a very considerable saving on freight alone."

"Tush, tush, man," said Haliburton, waving him aside; "let's get down out of the air. This is a big thing for you and there's a pile o' money in it. We ain't goin' to pay you the market price or anythin' like it."

Sears' face fell, but he made a brave bluff. Shrugging his shoulders, he reached for his hat. Haliburton pushed him back into his chair.

"Now," said he, "listen here. You saw the prices of this work advertised an' you know as well as I do what it's worth. And if you know that, you know that the price of cement has gone up since the contract was signed. It used to be two dollars a barrel; it's sellin' now for three seventy-five. If I was to try to shove the thing through at prices so much higher than Murphy estimated, he wouldn't make a cent. We've got to buy cheaper. By the way, what are your references?"

"The usual tests."

"I DON'T JUST KNOW AS I CAN COME BACK," HE REPLIED AT LAST

"Yes, I know. But the stuff's never been used on anythin' big, has it?"

The manufacturer confessed it had not.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll take cement from you for the whole of our work at two dollars a barrel, f. o. b. the Viaduct. How's that?"

Sears affected to believe he had been listening to a huge joke and went off into a paroxysm of mirth. The more Haliburton insisted he meant what he said, the more wildly hilarious became the manufacturer.

"Think it over," said the superintendent shortly, "and just suit yourself about it. I'll be around the work for ten minutes or so, and if you want to supply the stuff you'd better get ready to say so now. We must have the first consignment here in ten days, and if you don't want to be the man to send it in I'll have to wire New York for it."

At the end of eight minutes Sears followed him and surrendered.

In three months Haliburton put through no inconsiderable amount of work. Day in and day out his men toiled and, for all the thermometer stood most of the time below the freezing-point, sweat profusely. Swedes, Italians and negroes worked side by side in the excavations and on the masonry, and every Sabbath new progress-marks on the blue-print chart in the superintendent's office showed what they had accomplished during the week. From mere foundation excavations the piers rose to almost their full height before O'Brien & Parker even made a pretense of starting on their section.

Sears supposed this was on account of the prices of material and that they were waiting for cement to take a drop. But on endeavoring to sell them, he discovered that he was wrong; that they had taken the precaution of buying before the rise in prices. He was unable to do anything with them.

When at last they did start work, the superintendent in charge made preparations to do up such a job as would have delighted Murphy's heart.

"You don't mean to tell me," said he in astonishment to Haliburton, "that you're makin' them piers solid right through!"

"Sure!" replied the superintendent. "Isn't that what the contract calls for?"

The other looked at him in doubt as to what new kind of fool this might be.

"Expect to make money?" he questioned.

"Murphy does," answered Haliburton tersely; "I don't ring in on the profits."

"Profits!" sniffed the O'Brien & Parker man contemptuously. "Profits! He'd better take a run down here right away if he expects to know the meaning of that word when *you're* through. Why, man, at the rate you're goin' it's goin' to cost more to do the job that Murphy'll ever see out of it, and considerin' the retained percentages and the interest he'll lose on his money, he'll be way in the hole."

Haliburton offered no comment and the other went away with a very low opinion of Murphy's choice of a boss.

As February merged into March and March into April, a danger threatened the work with which the builders had not reckoned. The melting of the snow on the hillsides up country had its effect on the little stream that trickled down the middle of the valley. Inch by inch, foot by foot, it came higher and higher, until its edges, under ordinary circumstances twenty feet from the nearest pier, hungrily licked the bases of fully half of them. Indications were for a late spring with a still further rise and the superintendents of both gangs made preparations accordingly.

There was little that could be done, however. Haliburton laid off the greater part of his force and waited for the water to go down. Unlike O'Brien & Parker's man, he seemed to have no doubt as to the stability of his work. The other was in a constant agony of apprehension lest some undue freshet should sweep away his winter's labor.

"About three days more ought to bring it as high as it'll go," said Sears to Haliburton one afternoon as they sat on the bank watching the torrent swirl in a great eddy around the corner of the nearest pier.

"Sears," answered the superintendent with apparent irrelevance, "I'm about sick of this contracting business. This is the way it always happens; as soon as everything is running along nice and smooth something goes wrong, and then you have it all to do over again. I think I'll get out of it and into something else. For instance, now, what'd you take for a half interest in the cement business?"

The manufacturer grinned.

"Just suppose now," pursued Haliburton, still gazing abstractedly across the water, "that I was to come to you inside of about a month and say 'Here's a contract at three dollars a barrel for all the cement on that six-mile section of O'Brien & Parker's'—what would you say?"

"I reckon it would be worth your ten per cent."

"No you don't, Sears," replied Haliburton sharply; "no you don't: not for a minute. That's a dollar a barrel more'n you're gettin' from Murphy and twice as big a quantity needed. Why, you'd be gettin' more business at one stroke than you've had in the last ten years. What you reckon is that it 'ud be worth changing the name of the firm to 'Sears & Haliburton.'"

"It ain't likely you'd get it," sneered the manufacturer sulkily. "I went after it myself and couldn't land it, an' with you workin' for another man I don't see how you're goin' to do any better."

"There's a lot of things you don't see, Sears. It took you ten years to get your stuff onto this job, and you wouldn't have got it there even then if I hadn't gone after you. Will you give me the month to try it?"

"Sure! Two, if you like, seein' it's a miracle you'll have to work."

Haliburton caught him by the shoulder.

"Just come inside and we'll write it down," he said.

That was on Friday. Twenty-four hours later the water had risen so that Haliburton felt he had better wire Murphy on the state of affairs. The contractor and Whitner, his head superintendent, arrived at half past seven Sunday evening. The flood was still rising and Haliburton was out on the work. Murphy stayed in the office while Whitner went out to find him.

After fifteen minutes search he located the superintendent standing at the edge of the swollen river and peering out into the dusk. Haliburton saw Whitner coming and beckoned him to hurry.

"There goes the second," he cried excitedly as the other came up. "The dam up at Blackwell's has given 'way. I had a message from there this afternoon to say it couldn't hold out much longer. I've been expecting it for a week."

"What's that?" queried Whitner, pointing out in the twilight to where the foam sprayed high over some obstruction.

"Out there?" Haliburton pointed. "That *was* O'Brien & Parker's third pier; there's not much left of it now."

Whitner was taking in the situation. "How about yours?" he questioned: "they seem to be getting the force of the current more than the others."

"Yes; and they could stand it stronger yet," laughed the superintendent. "That's the sort of thing they're built for."

They had quite forgotten Murphy. Fascinated by the roar and swirl of the mad torrent, they had ear for nothing else and quite failed to hear the contractor come up behind them.

"Every one of them piers is solid right through," said Haliburton, proud with the consciousness of having done a good piece of work and seeing it put to the test. "There's not a thing but the best concrete in them anywhere."

"Humph!"

Both turned at the sound. Murphy was standing there, jaws set very tight and lips pursed up ominously.

"A very good job, indeed!" said he grimly. "Really a most excellent piece of work! One, I have no doubt, that will net me a very handsome profit!"

When he had placed Haliburton in charge he had given him no instructions other than to do the work and make a profit on it. He made it a practice to employ men whom he believed were competent and who understood what he wanted without having to be told. Busy with politics himself, he pulled the wires that secured the contracts; the carrying out of the details he left to subordinates. If a man betrayed that implied

confidence, Murphy had no further use for him. He never asked explanations; he was looking for results

"Mr. Whitner," he said with a crispness that admitted of no dispute, "you will take charge. Mr. Haliburton, your check will be ready for you in the morning You may consider yourself relieved

Haliburton said nothing. In his heart he was angry that Murphy should have discharged him without an investigation; yet he felt that any explanation on his part would be undignified. It would be better to allow the contractor to discover for himself that he had made a mistake. Going to the top of the bank, he seated himself on a boulder where he could view the scene.

"That's pretty hard on the boy," said Whitner at length. He and Murphy were about the same age, and he spoke rather with the freedom of an associate than an employee

"We must have a pretty cement bill," answered Murphy, defending his action.

"Yes," agreed the other; "but the work hasn't washed away, like O'Brien & Parker's."

"That's only his luck," grunted the contractor; "a mere chance. If it hadn't o' been for this flood they'd o' made a blame sight more'n me, an' I've got to teach him a lesson. As long as I'm footing the bill, my orders are to be carried out."

"I don't know as you ever gave him any," said Whitner.

"No," said Murphy dryly. "I didn't take him for a blame fool."

Next morning the worst of the danger was pretty well over. With entire confidence in Whitner, Murphy returned to the city.

The superintendent determined to make an investigation of the supply question. He calculated the number of barrels of cement and started to figure out the cost. Then, for the first time, he noticed the brand and the price that was paid for it. He went down and inspected the work and the looks of the material. Its looks satisfied him and, put to the test, the quality more than pleased him

"I'll gamble," said he to Fonger that evening, "that when the old man looks into this, he offers Haliburton his job again."

Later he sent Murphy a detailed report that made that individual open his eyes.

The same mail brought the contractor another letter. It bore the imprint of the C. H. & K. R., the railroad from which O'Brien & Parker held their contract. He deftly ran the paper-knife along the edge and opened it. It read:

> Dear Sir: Acting on advice from our inspectors, we have canceled contract No. 7864, being that held by Messrs. O'Brien and Parker on which you are a sub-contractor Our inspectors have carefully examined your contract, however, and have made us so satisfactory a report upon the ability of the man you have placed in charge and the manner in which your specifications are being lived up to, that we are highly pleased. Weare willing, if you will take the entire section at O'Brien & Parker's prices, to turn the whole work over to you for completion.
>
> Of course there will be a number of details to arrange, but first we should like to know what you have to say on this proposition.
>
> Trusting we may be able to arrange satisfactorily, we are, Yours truly,
>
> JOSIAH BRIGGS,
> President and General Manager.

Murphy drew a long breath. Almost convulsively, he touched the bell on his desk.

"Wire Whitner and have Haliburton come up here as soon as possible," he said to the clerk. "Have him arrange with this man Sears for cement enough to do O'Brien & Parker's work; tell him I'm going to finish it."

Haliburton heard all about it before he went to the city He called Sears on the telephone.

"Whitner'll be after you to buy cement for all O'Brien & Parker's section," he told him; "Murphy has it to finish"

A chuckle came from the other end of the wire.

"Just remember that agreement of ours before you go accepting his offer. It's good for ten days yet." Then he rang off

When Haliburton entered Murphy's office, the contractor met him with a broad smile of welcome

"Sit down," said he, shoving a cigar-box across the table "Smoke?"

Haliburton refused the proffered cigar. Seating himself expectantly on the edge of the chair, he waited for Murphy to open the conversation. This the contractor lost no time in doing.

"Seems as if we can't do without you," said he with a forced jocularity. "Got to get you back. You didn't do so bad, after all, in that cement business"

That was as near an apology as Murphy ever came for having discharged his superintendent unjustly, but Haliburton knew his man and appreciated the sentence for what it was worth. Of this, however, he said nothing, but scratched his head in apparent stupidity.

"I don't just know as I can come back," he replied at last. "You see, I've sort o' made a dicker with old man Sears and was calculatin' to take an interest in his business I reckon them marl beds might be worth somethin' if they was worked right."

"Have you made any definite arrangements with him?"

"Well, I don't know as I have, an' then again I don't know as I haven't. We signed a thing you might say was binding."

Just what the document was that they had signed he was careful not to say

"I see." Murphy was annoyed to think that he had gone out of his way to offer a man the job and then to have it refused. "I suppose, then, we'll have to look to you to sell us our cement," he said, skillfully covering his feelings.

"I'd like to," replied Haliburton.

"Well, how much can you supply it for?" questioned the contractor. "We've had that piece of O'Brien & Parker's turned over to us to finish and we've got to buy our stuff at a pretty good price to make on it. But you know all about that. What's your best figger?"

"Three an' a quarter."

"Three and a quarter! That's a pretty steep thing to steer me up against. *You* got it from Sears yourself for a dollar an' a quarter less'n that. You know as well as I do we can't give you anything like such a price."

"Well, you see," replied Haliburton, "that was when Sears had never been able to get his goods onto anything big Now that he's got a footing for it, it sells well enough without having to drop prices at all. Besides, three an' a quarter a barrel is half a dollar less'n the market price, and with the freight you'd save you ought to make a pretty good thing out o' it."

"Quite out of the question," said Murphy. "Quite out of the question."

"Good-day." Haliburton had his hand on the door-knob. Murphy took the bluff.

"Hold on a minute," he cried; "can't you do any better than that? Say three dollars a barrel f. o. b. the Viaduct and I'll sign a contract on the spot."

Haliburton shoved the door shut again. The extra twenty-five cents a barrel had only been put on so that it might be taken off when necessary. Going over to Murphy's desk he threw down his hat and, deliberately seating himself, lighted a cigar and put his feet in the centre of another chair.

"Murphy," he said, as he blew a ring of smoke high into the air and watched it circle upward, "we might as well get right down to business at once and cut all this nonsense. About a week ago you fired me—principally because I had done a good job for you and you didn't know it. Yesterday you got O'Brien & Parker's section to finish. You think that's a piece of luck. You're wrong! I foresaw it from the very moment I saw how they intended doing the job. I've planned this whole thing and it's come out just exactly as I planned. I anticipated spring freshets when we started work and I had their coming timed almost to a day. I counted on them to put O'Brien & Parker out of business and show up the kind of work I was doing. They did it. Now, I've got a proposition to make to you by which you can repay me for what my plans have done for you. I'll tell you what I'll do. You would like to be able to get that cement at the original price and I'm the man that's able to dictate what you'll have to put up. I want an interest in your business. In plain English, I want you to make the name of the firm 'Murphy & Haliburton'"

The contractor gasped Such audacity in any one but himself was beyond his comprehension. He could not understand it.

"You're certainly moderate in your demands, young man," he said with fine sarcasm

It was diamond cut diamond.

"I offer to sell you cement at two dollars a barrel f. o. b. the Viaduct—the original price—in exchange. It's the only way you can make anything on the job."

"What's your object?"

"I want a footing"

The very boldness of the idea appealed to Murphy. A self-made man, the very sense of push in himself made him recognize the same qualities in his superintendent.

"Of course," said he, "it would do away with the necessity of paying a superintendent on the work."

"It would if we do without one," said Haliburton dryly. "If I should happen to do the work, I'll need two hundred and fifty a month for my services."

The use of the word "we" was not lost on Murphy. There was no sign of a backdown anywhere. Had there been the least quiver of an eyelash, the superintendent would have lost then and there. But there was none; Haliburton was bluffing superbly. His answer on the question of salary was the limit—the one straw necessary to clinch the deal, and, though he never knew it, it decided Murphy. The man to whom no bread was preferable to the half loaf, who risked his all on one throw and could then stand without the tremor of a muscle awaiting the decision—that was the man for whom the contractor was looking.

"That's an even hundred a month more than you've been getting," he said as a last crack.

As quick as a shot and as steady came back the answer.

"Exactly. And three times the work!"

Murphy smiled under his mustache.

"All right," he assented; "we'll have a new sign painted. Come and have lunch."

HALIBURTON POINTED. "THAT WAS O'BRIEN & PARKER'S THIRD PIER"

The President's Daughter

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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—WENT BACK TO HER STATEROOM . . . AND RE READ HER NOTE

IF GLOVER'S aim in disappearing had been to escape the embarrassment of Mrs. Whitney's attentions, the effort was successful only in part.

Lanning and Harrison left in the morning in charge of Bill Dancing to join the hunting party in the Spider Park, and Mr. Brock, finding himself within a few hours' ride of Medicine Bend, decided to run down. Late in the afternoon the Pittsburg train drew up below the Wickiup.

Gertrude and her sister left their car together to walk in the sunshine that flooded the platform, for the sun was still a little above the mountains. In front of the eating-house a fawn-colored collie racing up and down the lawn attracted Gertrude, and the two girls started up the walk to make friends with him. In one of his rushes he darted up the eating-house steps and ran around to the west porch, the two young ladies leisurely following. As they turned the corner they saw their runaway crouching before a man who, with a foot on the low railing, stood leaning against a pillar. The collie was waiting for a lump of sugar and his master had just taken one from the pocket of his sack coat when the young ladies recognized him.

"Really, Mr. Glover, your tastes are domestic," declared Marie, "you make excellent taffy—now I find you feeding a collie." She pointed to the lump of sugar. "How is your hand?"

"I can't get over seeing you here," said Glover, collecting himself by degrees. "When did you come? Take these chairs, won't you?"

"You are responsible, I believe, for the early resumption of traffic through the cañon," answered Marie. "Besides, nothing in our wanderings need ever cause surprise. Any one unfortunate enough to be attached to a directors' party will end in an insane asylum."

Gertrude was talking to the collie. "Isn't he beautiful, Marie?" she exclaimed. "Come here, you dear fellow. I fell in love with him the minute I saw him—to whom does he belong, Mr. Glover? Come here."

"How is your hand?" asked Marie

"Do give Mr. Glover a chance," interposed Gertrude "Tell me about this dog, Mr. Glover."

"He is the best in the world, Miss Brock. Mr. Bucks gave him to me when I came to the mountains—we were puppies together——"

"And how about your hand?" smiled Marie.

"What is his name?" asked Gertrude.

"It wasn't a hand, but a sprained wrist, and it is much better, thank you—his name is Stumah."

"Stumah? How odd. Come here, Stumah. Does he mind?"

"He doesn't mind me, but no one minds me, so I forgive him that."

"Aunt Jane doesn't think you mind very well," said Marie. "Clem had a steak—twice as large as usual—prepared for the supper you ran away from."

"It is always my misfortune to miss good things."

VII

Talking, Glover and Marie followed Gertrude and Stumah out on the grass and across to the big platform where an overland train had pulled in from the West. They watched the changing of the engines and the crews and the promenade of the travelers from the Pullmans

While Gertrude amused herself with the dog and Marie asked questions about the locomotive, Mrs. Whitney and Louise spied them and walked over. Glover, to make his peace, was compelled to take dinner with the party in their car. The atmosphere of the special train had never seemed so attractive as that night. To cordiality was added deference. The effect of his success in the cañon—only striking rather than remarkable—was noticeable on Mr. Brock. At dinner, which was served at one table in the dining-car, Glover was brought by the new president to sit at his own right hand, Mr. Bucks being opposite. No one may ever say that the value of resource in emergency is lost on the dynamic Mr Brock. But having placed his guest in the seat of honor he paid no further attention to him unless his running fire of big secrets, discussed unreservedly before the engineer with Mr. Bucks, might be taken as implying that he looked on the constructionist of the mountain division as one of his inner official family.

Glover understood the abstraction of big men and this forgetfulness was no discouragement. There was an abstraction on his left where Gertrude sat that was less comfortable

At no moment during the time he had spent with the company had he been able to penetrate her reserve enough to make more than attempt at an apology for his appalling blunder in the office. With the others he never found himself at a loss for a word or an opportunity; with Gertrude he was apparently helpless.

The talk at the lower end of the table ran for a while to comment on the washout, to Glover's injured wrist, and during lulls Mrs. Whitney, across the table, asked questions of a nature calculated to draw a family history from her uneasy guest. Even Glover's waiter gave him so much attention that he got little to eat, but the engineer concealed no effort to see that Gertrude Brock was served and to break down by unobtrusive courtesies her determined restraint

When the evening was over he found himself at the pass to which every evening in her company brought him—the unpleasant consciousness of a failure of his endeavors and a return of the rage he felt at himself for having blundered into her bad graces. Her father wanted him to return with them in the morning to Sleepy Cat to go over the tunnel plans again. That done, Glover resolved at all costs to escape from the punishment that every moment near her brought.

When they started for Sleepy Cat the afternoon sun was bright and much of the time was spent on the pretty observation platform of the Brock car. During the shifting of the groups Mr. Brock stepped forward into the directors' car for some papers and Gertrude found herself alone for a moment on the platform with Glover. She was watching the track. He was studying a blueprint and this time he made no effort to break the silence. Determined that the interval should not become a conscious one, she spoke. "Papa seems unwilling to give you much rest to-day."

"I think I am learning more from him, though, than he is learning from me," returned Glover without looking up. "He is a man of big ideas; I should be glad of a chance to know him."

"You are likely to have that during the next two weeks."

"I fear not."

"Did you not understand that Judge Saltzer and he are both to be with our party now?"

"But I am to leave it to-night."

She made no comment. "You do not understand why I joined it," he continued, "after my——"

She checked him. "I understand, at least, how distasteful the association must have been."

He had looked up, and without flinching he took the blow into his slow, heavy eyes; but in a manner as mild as Glover's, defiance could hardly be said to have place at any time.

"I have given you too good ground to visit your impatience on me," he said, "and I confess I've stood the ordeal badly. Your contempt has cut me to the quick. But don't, I beg, add to my humiliation by such a reproach. I'm blundering, but not wholly reprobate."

Her father appeared at the door. Glover's eyes were fastened on the blueprint

Gertrude let her magazine lie in her lap. She could not at all understand the plans the two men were discussing, but her father spoke so confidently about going over Glover's suggestions in detail during the two weeks they should have together and Glover said so little that she intervened presently with the remark: "Papa, are you not forgetting that Mr. Glover says he cannot be with us on the Park trip."

"I am not forgetting because Mr. Glover hasn't said so."

"I so understood Mr. Glover."

"Certainly not," objected Mr. Brock, looking at his companion.

"It is a disappointment to me," said Glover, "that I can't be with you."

"Why, Mr. Bucks and I have arranged it to-day. There are no other duties," observed Mr. Brock tersely.

"True, but the fact is I am not well."

"Nonsense; tired out, that's all. We will rest you up; the trip will refresh you. I want you with me very particularly, Mr. Glover."

"Which makes me the sorrier I cannot be."

"Here, Mr. Bucks," called Mr. Brock abruptly through the open door. "What's the matter with your arrangements? Mr. Glover says he can't go through the Park."

The patient Manager left Judge Saltzer with whom he was talking and came out on the platform. Gertrude went into the car. When the train reached Sleepy Cat at dusk she was sitting alone in her favorite corner near the rear door. The train stopped at a junction semaphore and she heard Bucks' voice on the observation platform.

"I hate to see a man ruin his own chances in this way, that's all," he was saying. "I've set the pins for you to take the rebuilding of the whole main line, but you succeed admirably in undoing my plans. By declining this opportunity you relegate yourself to obscurity just as you've made a hit in the cañon that is a fortune in itself"

"Whatever the effect," she heard some one reply with an effort at lightness, "deal gently with me, old man. The trouble is of my own making and I seem unable to face the results"

The train started and the voices were lost. Bucks stepped into the car and without seeing Gertrude in the shadow walked forward. She felt that Glover was alone on the platform and sat irresolute. A moment after she rose, crossed

"I HATE TO SEE A MAN RUIN HIS OWN CHANCES IN THIS WAY," HE WAS SAYING

to the table and fingered the roses in the jar. She saw him sitting alone in the dusk and stepped to the door; the train had slowed for the yard "Mr. Glover?—do not get up—may I be frank for a moment? I fear I am causing unnecessary complications——" Glover had risen.

"You, Miss Brock?"

"Did you really mean what you said to me this afternoon?"

"Very sincerely."

"Then I may say with equal sincerity that I should feel sorry to spoil papa's plans and Mr. Bucks' and your own."

"It is not you, at all, but I who have——"

"I was going to suggest that something in the nature of a compromise might be managed——"

"I have lost confidence in my ability to manage anything, but if you would manage I should be very——"

"It might be for two weeks——" She was half laughing at her own suggestion and at his seriousness.

"I should try to deserve an extension."

"——To begin to-morrow morning."

"That would last longer than if it began to-night. Indeed, Miss Brock, I——"

"But—please—I do not undertake to receive explanations." He could only bow. "The status," she continued gravely, "should remain, I think, the same."

CHAPTER VIII

THE directors' party had been inspecting the Camp Pilot mines. The train was riding the crest of the pass when the sun set and in the east long stretches of snowsheds were vanishing among the shadows of the valley.

Glover, engaged with Mr. Brock, Judge Saltzer and Bucks, had been forward all day among the directors. The compartments of the president's car were closed when he walked back through the train and the rear platform was deserted. He seated himself in his favorite corner of the umbrella porch where he could cross his legs, lean far back, and with an engineer's eye study the swiftly receding grace of the curves and elevations of the track.

They were covering a stretch of his own construction, a pet, built when he still felt young; when he had come from the East fiery with the spirit of twenty-five.

But since then he had seen seven years of blizzards, blockades and washouts; of hard work, hardships and disappointments. This maiden track that they were speeding over he was not ashamed of; the work was good engineering yet. But now with new and great responsibilities on his horizon, possibilities that once would have fired his imagination, he felt that seven years in and out of the mountains had left him battle-scarred and moody.

"My sister was saying last night as she saw you sitting where you are now—that we should always associate that corner with you. Don't get up." Gertrude Brock, dressed for dinner, stood in the doorway. "You never tire of watching the track," she said, sinking into the chair he offered as he rose. Her frank manner was unlooked for, but he knew they were soon to part and felt that something of that was behind her concession. He answered in his mood.

"The track, the mountains," he said; "I have little else."

"Would not many consider the mountains enough?"

"No doubt."

"I should think them a continual inspiration."

"So they are; though sometimes they inspire too much."

"It is so still and beautiful through here and the track winds so prettily." She leaned back in her chair, supported her elbows on its arms and clasped her hands; the stealing charm of her cordiality had already roused him.

"This bit of track," said he after a pause, "is the first I built on this division; and just now I have been recalling my very first sight of the mountains." She leaned slightly forward and again he was coaxed on. "Every tradition of my childhood," he continued, "was associated with this country—the plains and rivers and mountains. It wasn't alone the reading, though I read without end, but the stories of the old French traders I used to hear in the shops and sometimes of trappers I used to find along the river front of the old town; I fed on their yarns. And it was always the wild horse and the buffalo and the Sioux and the mountains—I dreamed of nothing else. Now, so many times, I meet strangers that come into the mountains—foreigners often—and I can never listen to their rhapsodies or even read their books about the Rockies without a jealousy that they are talking without leave of something that's mine. What can the Rockies mean to them? Surely if an American boy has a heritage it is the Rockies. What can they feel of what I felt the first time I stood at sunset on the plains and my very dreams loomed into the western sky? I toppled on my pins just at seeing them."

She laughed softly. "You are fond of the mountains."

"I have little else," he repeated.

"Then they ought to be loyal to you. But the first impression—it hardly remains, I suppose?"

"I am not sure. They don't grow smaller; sometimes I think they grow bigger."

"Then you *are* fond of them. That's constancy, and constancy is a capital test of a charm."

"TELL ME ABOUT THE DOG, MR. GLOVER"

"But I'm never sure whether they are, as you say, loyal to me. We had once on this division a very remarkable man named Hailey—a bridge engineer and a very great one. He and I stood one night on a caisson at the Spider Water—the first caisson he sunk in the river—do you remember that big river you crossed in the plains?"

"Indeed! I am not likely to forget a night I spent at the Spider Water. Continue."

"Hailey put in the bridge there. 'This old stream ought to be thankful to you, Hailey, for a piece of work like this,' I said to him. 'No,' he answered, quite in earnest; 'the Spider doesn't like me. It will get me some time.' So I think about these mountains. I like them and I don't like them. Sometimes I think as Hailey thought of the Spider—the Spider did get him."

"How serious you grow!"

"The truce ends to-morrow."

"And the journey ends," she remarked encouragingly.

"What, please, does that line mean that I see so often, 'Journeys end in lovers meeting'?"

"I haven't an idea. But, oh, these mountains!" she exclaimed, stepping in caution to the guard rail. "Could anything be more awful than this?" They were crawling ant like up a mountain spur that rose dizzily on their right; on the left they overhung a bottomless pit. Their engines churned, panted and struggled up the curve, and as they talked the dense smoke from the stacks was sucked far down into the gap they were skirting. "The roadbed is chiseled out of the granite all along here. This is the famed Mount Pilot on the left and this the worst spot on the division for snow. You wouldn't think of extending our truce?"

"To-morrow we leave for the coast."

"But you could leave the truce."

She laughed. "Why should one want a truce after the occasion for it has passed?"

"I don't know whether you'd understand but I'll try telling you. Sometimes out here in the desert we get away from water. I lost a trail once in the Spanish Sinks and for two days I wanted water."

"Dreadful. I have heard of such things. How did you ever find your way again?"

He hesitated. "Sometimes instinct serves after reason fails. It wasn't very good water when I reached it, but I did not know about that for two weeks. It is a curious thing, too—psychologists, I am told, have some name for the mental condition—but a man that has once suffered for water will at times suffer intensely for it again, even though you saturate him with water, drown him in it."

"How very strange; almost incredible, is it not? Have you ever experienced such a sensation?"

"I have felt it, but never acutely until to-day; that's why I want to get the truce extended. I dread the next two days."

She looked puzzled. "Mr. Glover, if you have jestingly beguiled me into real sympathy I shall be angry in earnest."

"You are going to-morrow. How could I jest about it? When you go I face the desert again. You have come like water into my life—are you going out of it to-morrow forever? May I never hope to see you again—or hear from you?"

She rose in amazement; he was between her and the door.

"Surely, this is extraordinary, Mr. Glover."

"Only a moment—I shall have days enough of silence. I dread to shock or anger you. But this is one reason why I tried to keep away from you—just this—because I—— And you, in unthinking innocence, helped to keep me from my intent to escape this moment. Your displeasure was hard to bear, but your kindness has undone me. Believe me or not, I did fight, a gentleman, even though I have fallen a lover."

The blazing of her eyes as she faced him was her only reply. Indeed, he made hardly an effort to support her look and she swept past him into the car.

The Brock train lay all next day in the Medicine Bend yard. A number of the party, with horses and guides, rode to the Medicine Springs west of the town. Glover was in his office at the Wickiup all day with Manager Bucks and the president.

Late in the afternoon the attention of Gertrude, reading alone in her car, was attracted to a stout boy under an enormous hat clambering with difficulty up the railing of the observation platform. In one arm he struggled for a while with a large bundle; then dropping back, he threw the package up over the rail and, starting empty handed, gained the platform and picked up his parcel again. He fished a letter from his pistol pocket, stared fearlessly in at Gertrude Brock and knocked on the glass panel between them.

"Laundry parcels are to be delivered to the porter in the forward car," said Gertrude, opening the door slightly.

As she spoke the boy's hat flew off and sailed down the platform, but he maintained some dignity. "I don't carry laundry. I carry telegrams. The front door was locked. I seen you sittin' in there all alone, and I've got a note and had orders to give it to you personally and this package personally and not to nobody else, so I climbed over."

"Stop a moment," commanded Gertrude. "Wait until I see what you have here." The boy, with his hands on the railing, was letting himself down.

"My hat's blowin' off. There ain't any answer."

"Will you wait?" exclaimed Gertrude impatiently. The very handwriting on the note annoyed her. While unknown, her instinct connected it with one person from whom she was determined to receive no communication. She wanted to return the missive unopened; but how could she be sure who had sent it? With the impatience of uncertainty she ripped open the envelope.

The note was neither addressed nor signed.

> "I have no right to keep this after you leave; perhaps I had no right to keep it at all. But in returning it I surely may thank you for the impulse that led you to throw it over me the morning I lay asleep behind the Spider dyke."

(*Continued on Page 23*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Wrinkles are fossil smiles.

¶ Good-will is the cement of society.

¶ Man is never too old to unlearn.

¶ Stolen sweets are generally indigestible.

¶ Advice and taxes are best when indirect.

¶ When you jump at conclusions, be sure they are there.

¶ Man needs but little speech below and wants that little brief.

¶ Many a man has gotten a bad fall from the tree of knowledge.

¶ It is always too hot or too cold for the man who wants to quit.

¶ In every child there lurks a rebel that needs but coercion to become a hypocrite.

¶ There would be more miracles in America if the people were not in too great a hurry to wait.

¶ If the ancient person who had too many irons in the fire lived to-day he would probably organize them into a steel trust

¶ What does it profit a man if he dismiss business cares at the threshold only to be told that he must dismiss the cook in the kitchen?

¶ By the time a man does all the things necessary to prolong his life in these days of hygienic fads his neighbors are discussing the eccentricities of the deceased.

The Man Who Marries Money

IN THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S new novel there is the usual shrewd philosopher whom we find in the modern novel. In this case he is a good one. Young Rhodes, an engineer of strong pushing qualities, runs across the old man, who gives him this counsel:

"You take my advice, my son; don't marry no rich man's daughter. They will always think they have done you a favor, and they will try to make you think so, too, even if your wife don't do it. You take warnin' by me. When I married I had just sixteen dollars and my wife she had seventeen, and I give you my word I have never heard the last of that one dollar from that day to this."

It happens later in the story that Rhodes marries an English heiress and becomes about as miserable as it is possible for a man to be. He finds the English social life empty, unreal, puerile. He declares he is bored to death. "I was not born for this," he exclaims; "I was born to *do* something. But for giving up I might have been like Stevenson or Eads or your man Maury, whom they are all belittling because he did it all himself instead of getting others to do it. By George! I hope to live till I build one more big bridge or run one more long tunnel. Jove! to stand once more up on the big girders, so high that the trees look small below you, and see the bridge growing under your eyes where the old croakers said nothing would stand!"

Married money is gossip's chief morsel, and it chews it unceasingly. It is the kind of thing that has to be delicately handled when discussed in print, and the queerest part of it is that there is no reason for treating it delicately. In the first place, it is a libel to say that a man marries a woman or a woman marries a man wholly for the cash. The gossips always do say it, but gossips tell the truth only by mistake. Love goes with millions just as often as it abides with poverty.

Moreover, in the better state of the world people get a broader view of the facts; and one of these facts is that a man with ability, a rising man, is a fair bargain for a girl with millions. His future is worth as much to her, in the contract, as her money is to him.

We have instances of it in the present day. John Hay was not a rich man when he married an heiress, but he has become a brilliant Secretary of State, rising to a reputation which is entirely beyond a question of finances. Lord Curzon was poor when he married an American wife who possesses a great fortune, but he has won his way to a position in the world that should make even the gossips ashamed to assert that American money did it all. Certainly, old Peter Cooper, if he had lived, would have gloried in the career of his son-in-law, Abram S. Hewitt. And so the list might easily be extended, including novelists and preachers and men of all professions and callings who have measured up to their talents all the better because they had the money of their wives to help them along.

There was a time when the rich woman was to be pitied, for the best men remained away from her and she had around her only the society whipper-snappers and money-hunters. Now quite frequently it is different. Millionaires have become commonplace. The men to-day whom good women want as husbands are the men who do things, the men who seriously strive for careers. Rhodes, the engineer, was caught in the conventions of a foreign society. If he had remained in America he would have broken his barriers and built his bridges.

So no young man who wants to get up in the world need give up because he falls in love with a rich girl. His only sensible plan is to ask her to be his wife, and then to see that he makes himself worthy of her and makes her millions the instruments of happiness for both. And if the rich young girl is fortunate, the young man she loves will be one who wants to do something and who has ambitions to mount to high honors, even though he may wish to use her millions as his stepping-stones.

Saving Valuable Years

FOR several years this magazine has printed editorials and articles voicing the demand for a shortening of the college course. The truth of the matter is that curriculum development has been going on without system and without regard to the economy of time. The new demand is a protest against its evils. Young men do not want to spend their best years in college; they want to be out and doing.

We hail with delight, therefore, the expressions of opinion made this summer at the meeting of the National Educational Association at Boston, the greatest assemblage of its kind in the world. The problem which THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has so often discussed was probably the most interesting one of the convention, and it fell to the lot of such men as President Eliot, of Harvard, President Butler, of Columbia, President Harper, of Chicago University, Dean West, of Princeton, Professor Brown, of the University of California, and other leaders in higher education to shed the fullest light that their experience and foresight could furnish. What they said more than corroborated everything that has been printed in the columns of this magazine. President Eliot showed that within the last forty years the period devoted to professional education has been more than doubled in the United States. All agreed that the four-year course in colleges was too large a slice of the young man's time. Heroic measures were necessary. President Eliot said it was to the interest of society and of the individual that young men should be well trained in the practice of the professions by the time they are twenty-five years old. That means that the college education should be completed by the time they are twenty-one. He said:

"Seventeen is, for the average boy, rather young for college freedom, though safe for steady boys of exceptional maturity. Between the secondary school and the professional school, then, there can be, as a rule, only three years for the college.

"The principle on which the Harvard faculty has acted is this: They propose, in reducing the time required for the A.B. degree to three years, to make no reduction whatever in the amount of work required for the A.B. degree. In other words, they propose that the degree of A.B., taken in three years, shall represent the same amount of attainment or power acquired which the A.B., taken in four years, has heretofore represented."

President Butler, of Columbia, went even further than President Eliot. He would make the college course two years. He said distinctly, a four-year course should not be required. He declared, "Whether the completion of such a two-year course should be crowned with a degree is to me a matter of indifference. Degrees are the tinsel of higher education, and not its reality. Such a two-year course as I have in mind would imply a standard of attainment at least as high as that required for the degree of A.B. in 1860, which had many characteristics that we of to-day undervalue.

It would be easy to add to these opinions extracts from recent educational papers in every part of the country—enough of them, indeed, to fill this whole issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. When it first broached the change there was little or no discussion of it; the idea itself seemed to be more or less impertinent. But within the past twelve months a vast change has come, and the few voices that were raised against the waste of time in colleges, universities and professional schools have rolled into a chorus until there is scarcely a dissenting note anywhere.

No Statues for Scorchers

WE ARE being treated to a good deal of rubbish about the valuable service to society which these racing, death-and-destruction-dealing automobilists are rendering by "improving the breed" of automobiles. The fact is that they are indulging in a foolhardy amusement—reckless and impudent disregard of the rights of others.

We do need a cheap, safe, workable, smell-less automobile—the city man needs it and so does the countryman. And we are going to get it, but not because a few lunatics want to race at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour on the public highways. There is a universal demand, and a hundred industrious inventors are toiling to supply it.

The auto-racer deserves not a statue, but a statute.

The Watchword of the Century

"THE century," said Gladstone, "can be summed up in a phrase—Unhand me!" And in this revolt against everything and anything that in any way seemed to interfere with the freedom of the individual can be found the explanation of nearly all the developments of our time which are regarded as alarming. "Unhand me" sounds menacing—and is. "Give me a chance" has as much of menace in it, but the menace does not seem so disquieting, and there is also a plea—a plea of right and justice.

The fact is, the day of blind following of an unexplaining leadership, the day of the old-fashioned, slavish, self-disrespecting "loyalty," praised so much by those who wish to rule instead of administer, is rapidly passing, not alone in America, but even in ignorant Russia and caste-cursed England. Never before were men so suspicious of "authoritative" truth and light; but never before were they so eager to know the truth, to see the light.

The man who thinks for himself may not always, or, at first, often, think right. But he is never so badly off as the man who lets another do his thinking for him. And since the tide of individualism can't be stemmed, the unseated and unseating "authorities" will be wiser and more useful if they stop raising the vain shouts of worn-out shibboleths and begin to teach the deaf to hear and the blind to see.

The Best Policy

"THE greatest evil against which justice as administered by courts has to contend," said an eminent judge, "is the disposition of honest witnesses to prevaricate in order that untruth may prevail." And what is true of courts is true of life in the broad. Whence comes this deep-seated human distrust of the strength of the right and the true? Why is it that it can be dissipated by no mountainous up-piling of proofs to the contrary in history and in every-day experience?

Perhaps because of the egotism of man. Perhaps the honestly disposed official forgets the end in the means. "I," thinks he, "am the destined agent of the uplifting of the cause of good government or clean politics. Therefore, whatever I do to maintain myself in power is all to and for the good, for, if I should be beaten, what would become of the people?" And so he goes on from casuistry to chicane, from chicane to conscienceless conspiracy.

Jefferson never spoke more wisely than when he said, "The whole art of government is the art of being honest." But then it takes courage and the common-sense of genius to see that and act upon it. And it is a melancholy fact that while reason may have run into the ways of the trickster, only instinct founded in courageous character can ever lead a man into the way of unbending public honesty.

SOME TRUE BEAR STORIES

"Old Ephraim" as He is in Books and in the Open

By CHAUNCEY THOMAS

IN THE daily papers and elsewhere are frequent articles about the dangers from wild animals in the Rockies. A mountain-lion is usually represented as dying of thirst for human gore, hot and steaming; the grizzly bear is supposed to eat men alive—and shooting—as the family cow munches carrots.

Now, I was born and raised in Colorado; have ridden the range winter and summer both in the mountains and on the plains, and never have I been in the remotest danger from fang or claw, nor have I ever seen, or, with one exception, even heard of any one who ever has been in such peril. Hundreds of such wild tales are told, but when panned down all but one in a thousand were like that of the man who claimed that his leg had been broken by the kick of a jack-rabbit: investigation showed that the bunny with the pile-driver leg was only a mule. The resemblance was close, yet one fact stood forth with distressing plainness: when hurt, the man was not in a condition to tell a jack-rabbit from an old gray mule. Thence was born another hunting-yarn, and the sage advice to tenderfoot hunters never to approach the ferocious-footed jack-rabbit from behind, "for up on Yeller Crick, last year, a man had his laig broke in two places by a kick from one of 'em."

Never since I struck my first bear trail—the deep-sunken tracks smelling just like a dog on a wet day—have I ever hesitated to get a shot at either bear or panther—and at that, a fairly noisy dog can always keep me out of a yard. It is well to remember, however, that a man lightly armed, even if he be on horseback, has nothing to do with grizzly, cinnamon or silvertip if he, and especially she, happens to be feeling a little out of sorts; for be it known that the Horrible Bear—which is simple English for *Ursus Horribilis*—can overtake a running horse and, with a stroke of his ice-tong claws, can transform the rider into the raw material for jerked meat.

Nor does a wise man attempt a flirtation or, worse yet, an elopement with a stray cub; yet both the mountain-lion and the bear have been known to desert their captured young and precipitately put the hills between themselves and danger. It would take a mountain-lion bent on suicide to attack a ten-year-old boy—especially if the urchin should wave his hat, yell and throw stones. If, after tramping over the hills for years, you should happen to catch half a glance of a streak of yellow light about forty feet long, you can go home sure in the knowledge that you have the foundation for a lifelong yarn about your desperate fight with a mountain-lion.

The Wolf and His Decalogue

AS TO the numerous treatises on killing bear and panther with a knife—well, in trouble with a bear, the best bowie ever whetted would be no better than a hat pin. All I ever carried was a small skinning-knife, the ordinary kitchen utensil, with a four-inch blade, wrapped in a piece of paper and stuck in my boot-leg. 'Tis the same with an ax, to say nothing of a club; any amateur bear can outbox Corbett—but he never does; for his fore legs, frantically aided by his hind ones, are otherwise employed. Kipling has caught the refrain of all the wild animals of the Rockies:

> "I must go, go, go away,
> On the other side the world I'm overdue"—

and they show a tendency to make up lost time, especially in the first five miles. An old hunter proved his experience when, asked the question:

"Where shall I shoot a bear to kill him instantly?"

He answered, between solemn puffs:

"'Bout ten feet ahead of 'im."

Then the tenderfoot put another question:

"Did you ever have a bear charge you?"

"Jist once. He thought I was behind 'im."

In regard to the wolf, in Colorado at least, his whole decalogue is not to get within three rifle-shots of man. My experience has been that just as soon as a wild animal sees, hears or scents a human being, or thinks he does, he at once becomes a hole in the air—that is, unless he decides to hide, when he becomes the most lifelike statue of motionless modesty you ever saw; and, odd as it may seem, the more dangerous the animal, the more sure he is to run or hide. A rabbit is bolder than a bear, simply because a bear knows more. A wild animal has but three objects in life: to eat, breed and hunt health resorts.

Yet the tenderfoot is always duly filled with bleeding tales of grizzlies, big cats and bad men—which he, in turn, puts into truthful type—and he is earnestly cautioned to carry his hardware with him every time he goes to the woodpile. But when one of his advisors throws a saddle on a broncho and jogs away on a twenty or thirty mile calf-hunt, through the very hills he says are honeycombed with bear and lion dens, he goes armed with nothing but a pipe and jack-knife.

Of course there is a remote, an extremely remote, possibility of danger—about one chance in a hundred thousand; but this percentage of peril is greater in hundreds of other places that every one considers safe; your own home, for instance. A man, unarmed and asleep, without a fire, is as safe in the wildest ranges of the Rockies as he is in any New York hotel—the hotel may take fire. It is a fact that more hunters are hurt or killed by themselves or by their fellow-hunters than by all the other dangers of the wilds put together, drowning alone excepted.

When Bears are Really Dangerous

UNDER only three conditions are bears and mountain-lions dangerous to man: when hungry to the point of desperation—and even then almost every one of them will die of hunger rather than attack even a sleeping man, or even their natural food that he is guarding; when wounded and cornered—then even a worm will fight; when insane—which happens once in a long, long while. Your pet dog will attack you sooner, if starved to it, than will a wild animal. The quiet old lady across the table may arise suddenly and beat you down with her chair; but the danger is remote—about as remote as the danger from bears and mountain-lions in the Rockies.

Figures show that bear-hunting is a far safer business than railroading, window-washing, football or bicycle-riding. As for the mountain-lion, there is not a greater coward in the West, not excepting the valiant coyote. A twenty-pound dog can run any mountain-lion up a tree; and he will become nothing but a yellow streak of retreat before an ordinary ram, even though hungry and with a fat lamb to be had for the taking. He is dangerous only to colts, calves and dead horses. Now, a calf's only weapon is his bawl; and if he can grow and wax fat by the tens and hundreds of thousands in the bear and mountain-lion-infested Rockies, only to meet his fate in a Kansas City or Chicago stockyard, what danger is there to the man behind the gun?

The summer of 1889, in Boulder County, Colorado, one or two of these man-eaters used to meow about the cabin, but not one of the half a dozen experienced miners there paid any attention to them, nor was there a gun in camp. None of us had any fear of going down the gulch through the timber for the mail and supplies, usually alone and often after dark. Their yowls—which sound like those of a tomcat in a barrel—give you the creeps—but what of that? So does the filing of a saw. In winter we might have carried a gun after dark, but not if we had a load to bring back. Under like circumstances I have known that same enlarged backyard cry to cause a party of tenderfeet—thoroughly informed as to their danger—to sit up all night between two huge fires, clothed in firearms and gooseflesh. The account of their narrow escape no doubt made thrilling reading-matter; one page of which, blowing languidly down the gulch, would have made the cause of it adjourn to the next township.

In the fall of 1891 I stopped for rest and water at the ranch that is at one end of the bridge which crosses the Grand River on the road from Wolcott to Steamboat Springs, Routt County, Colorado. Here I closely examined ten or twelve mountain-lion skins that the ranchman had collected the winter before; and the only hole in each one was not larger than a lead-pencil, and all in the same place. The owner told me that he had got them all with nothing but a .22 rifle, the kind that may be seen in any shooting-gallery. He had a small mongrel about twice the size of a fox-terrier; and when this yaller dog had treed the tawny craven the ranchman fired one .22 "short" under the left fore leg and had a salable pelt. I had no reason to doubt the ranchman's word, for he spoke of the animals with contempt; the dog was the only one around the place, and the .22—a repeating Winchester gallery rifle—was the only gun on the premises. The ranchman's idea of the danger of mountain-lion hunting was as follows:

"Did you ever know any one to get hurt in hunting one of these fellows?"

"Jist one. He was a tenderfoot, and he goes up in the timber back here and sees one of these measly calf killers, and if I hadn't 'a' roped him on the fly he'd 'a' run hisself to death. That feller was tired for two days."

For five years after 1866—the "early days"—my father, then a young man, carried a Spencer carbine over a large part of the Colorado Rockies and never saw anything more dangerous than a timber-wolf. He did not shoot at him for, as he often said: "He was going so fast that I knew no bullet could catch him." An old prospector whom I have known for fifteen years has spent forty years lode-hunting in the Rockies and has never carried nor had need of a weapon for defense against man or beast. He avoided the Indian trouble-places; the wild animals never bothered him; and the secret of getting along with the "bad man" is very simple: "Keep still and keep sober."

Perhaps my idea of the modern grizzly—who makes no attempt to live up to the reputation established by his more foolish ancestors—is because, try as I might, I never managed to get into but one bear mix-up, and that was a very mild affair, too tame to tell of. In the beginning I was bashful about intruding on his awful presence, but I soon found that he was the more deferent of the two; in fact, that he always retired at about thirty miles an hour. I was the more careful because I had heard that the grizzly, when wounded, and often when not, would charge a man, especially if the man looked young and tender. Well, this is so, except that the bear, due, no doubt, to his long contact with advancing civilization—at the end of a gun-barrel, of course—like all other primitive races, has at last adopted modern methods of warfare and has given up the frontal attack. He tries to attack you from the rear by going around the earth; and as he has some distance to go he loses no time about it.

As for mountain-lion, I have never been able to get within sight of one; and I never heard of any one being hurt by them. In fact, the only case I know of where any of the cat tribe attacked a man was on the headwaters of the Troublesome in the summer of '91. A wildcat—the common twenty-pound bobtail—suddenly leaped from a tree down on the shoulders of a range rider. It scratched him up a little and he killed it with a club. That such a thing was very unusual may be judged by the fact that the incident was told of for a hundred miles in every direction, and was accounted for only on the assumption that the cat was mad; that is, a case of animal insanity.

Some eighteen years ago a man I knew of killed a wildcat near our ranch with a common horse-weight fastened to a strap which he used as a sling, but at no time was the man in the least danger, and he did the attacking, the cat trying to get away.

Trolley Cars Worse Than Mountain Lions

THE West is a big country—about the size of Europe—and men there during the past century have been hurt and killed by wild animals, but such cases were rare even in those early days, and such cases may be said to happen now about as often as the coming of a comet. In truth, the most ferocious wild animal I know of nowadays in the West is the trolley-car. Of course, tales around the fire after supper are many and hair-lifting, especially if there is a gaping, weapon-fenced tenderfoot in camp; or if a fossil hunter—commonly called a dry-clammer—is there to take notes while the owl-faced plainsman or mountaineer—perhaps a college graduate—supplies the scientific information—and later takes the innocents to hunt snipe with a candle and gunny-sack.

Coolness, caution and calibre—these are the three essentials in a bear scrap, and the heavier the calibre the better; for when Old Ephraim *does* wake up, only a brain or a backbone shot will stop that foaming charge. You may riddle that desperate heart to pulp—a lathered, yellow chop-chop, a tree-splitting blur of paws, and where the hunter stood only a reeking something quivers. If you run from a fighting bear you are a dead man; if he turns on you it is man or bear. One must die instantly. But all this was in the long ago—and in the modern newspaper. Nowadays when a bear feels bored he promptly migrates. His ruling passion is horizon-hunger, and between his tribe and mankind he has drawn the sky-line.

Certain it is, if you have a red-hot grizzly in a forty-two-pound trap and try to tickle his chin with your fingers you will get hurt—and so you will at the circus; but if common-sense is used, there is about as much danger in shooting a bear as in killing the Thanksgiving gobbler.

Danger is like a rumor or a river: the closer you get to its source the smaller it becomes. 'Tis the same with the bear and the mountain-lion. In roaming over the wildest regions of the Rockies there is but one real danger: that of getting hurt and no one finding you till too late, perhaps never. A sprained ankle, a broken leg, puts the lone hunter in more danger than all the bears and mountains whose bad reputations—on paper—ever made the tenderfoot's teeth chatter or turned his scalp into a pincushion. On the whole, one is in more peril in a city from being clubbed by a policeman than from being clawed up while hunting in the wilds; and ranging over the Rockies is about as dangerous as a stroll through the Zoo.

Paint Your House Cheap

And Have it Guaranteed to Look Better, Wear Longer and Cost Less Than the Best White Lead Paints.

We Send Name of Nearest Carrara Dealer, 50 Sample Colors and Illustrated Book, "How to Paint a House," Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

There is but one "Carrara" It is made by the Carrara Paint Agency, 1058 Carrara Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and it is the only paint in the

The Roof of the Great Field Museum, Chicago, Covering 7 Acres of Ground, is Painted with Carrara Paint.

world that is absolutely guaranteed not to fade, crack, chalk, peel, blister or scale. It is not affected by acids or gases, and it covers more surface, gallon for gallon, than the best white lead and oil and costs less than the cheap mixed paints that injure more than they protect.

Carrara is used by the Pennsylvania R. R.; the Pullman Palace Car Co.; the Chicago Telephone Co.; the Field Museum, Chicago; the Kenwood Club, Chicago; the Cincinnati Southern R. R.; the Chicago & Eastern Illinois R. R.; the Denver & Rio Grande Railway and thousands of others of the largest and most particular users of paint in the world. The famous Waldorf-Astoria hotel, of New York, one of the finest in the world, has used tons of Carrara because it is the best that can be found in the market to-day

For interior or exterior it has no equal. Smooth and clean, it has stood the rigid test of time and man. If you want to save half your paint bills send your name and address for nearest distributing depots; 50 sample colors and a beautiful illustrated book sent free, showing a large number of fine houses just as they have been painted with Carrara, and keep well in mind that Carrara is the only paint ever backed by a positive guarantee in every case

Most People Think

That Real Ebony Wood is solid dull black in color. A visit to the docks where ships from the Indies are discharged would soon dispel those thoughts. In its natural state the Ebony Wood of the Bible was of a beautiful figure, caused by the natural shading from black to light chocolate, the coloring being to a large extent decided by the environments of the growing tree. We do not hesitate to say that the natural finish (Turtle Ebony) furnishes the most beautiful result; but to suit other opinions we make what you ask for, *dull black*, if you wish.

ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
167 Strand, W. C., London, England
The Flat-Iron, New York City, U. S. A.

The Millionaire's Opportunity

(Continued from Page 3)

"Oh, no, it isn't likely; still there may be something in it; but if that man Austen has charge of the scheme it will go through, you can bet your boots."

"Well, how will that affect our prospects?"

"It won't affect them at all. They'll be months getting the thing organized and we'll be advertising in every direction. You see a Trust is all right enough when the opposition sells to a limited clientage; then they can jump in upon a man's customers, cut down prices below cost of manufacture and bust him. But you see, Mr. Sidney, they can't bust us, for our customers are going to be spread all over the United States; and one thing a Trust can't run up against, and that's the advertising columns of a newspaper. We appeal to every reader of every paper. Send ten cents to pay cost of packing and postage and you get the greatest soap in the world. Now, of course a man can go to the grocery and get a ten-cent cake of soap all right enough, but he loves to have something for which he has paid only the price of packing and posting. We're going to make our fortune on samples. I'm not going to try to sell this soap to the groceries at all. It's going to be a sample business, and then, of course, when a person likes the soap we'll supply him direct or through his grocer, just as you like. Why, if you'll tackle the papers and get me space, I'll guarantee that we have the biggest business going in less than three months."

"I'm afraid you overrate my ability. I feel certain I couldn't persuade newspaper men to give credit for such a large amount unless something was paid down."

"Why, look here, Mr. Sidney—just look at you and me here: I'm the employer; you're the man out of a job. Very well. Whenever that combination takes place, it's generally the man out of a job that tries to persuade the other fellow to engage him; but our positions are entirely reversed. Here I am begging and imploring you to come and join me Here you are, perhaps without a dollar in your pocket, and my house is full of soap, the whole four stories; yet I, a soap millionaire—if I could only sell the stuff—am begging you, who likely enough don't know where you are going to sleep to-night, to join me. By the way, that was only a joke, my saying there was no place to sleep in the house—I can offer you a bed there to-night, if you want it. Now, this proposal and offer of conditions is due to your manner, for you've got the manner of a millionaire—by George, you have."

"All right," said Austen, rising; "let's see this wonderful soap factory of yours. I think I'll tackle the job."

Hammond was instantly at his side, eager to be off

"Good boy!" he cried; "you'll never regret it. If we don't clean up this country with Hammond's Soap, then my name's lye."

They took a street car to a thoroughfare that had seen better days, and Hammond let himself into a brownstone-fronted house of an imposing character, rather out of keeping with its more shabby neighbors. The moment they entered the hall Austen met a smell of soap calculated to stagger any ordinary man, but Hammond sniffed it with undisguised pleasure, as if it were the air of Araby.

"Here, mother," he shouted, "I've got just the man we want."

An elderly woman, rubbing her hands on her apron, approached from the comparative darkness of the other end of the hall. She was as quiet and composed as her husband was boisterous, but nevertheless it was evident at once to the keen-eyed millionaire that she had absolute faith in the partner of her joys and sorrows and soap-boiling. She greeted the young man very quietly, but with kindly cordiality

"You mustn't be led away by my husband's enthusiasm," she said. "I am sure he will succeed, but there is much hard work before the goal is reached. My husband thinks every gravel-pit a gold mine."

"So it is," rejoined Hammond confidently. "So it is, if the people want gravel and you advertise. Come along, Sidney, and I'll show you your room."

First, however, he threw open a door leading into what might have been a parlor, but it was full to the ceiling of soap packages. As they mounted higher and higher, Austen saw that each room was packed to the door in a similar manner, and when at last his supposed bedroom was reached, that also was three-quarters filled, leaving only a narrow passage leading to a cot bed.

"The advantage of living here," shouted Hammond genially, waving his hands and striking his knuckles against the wall of packages, "is that you don't need to ring for soap in the morning."

"This room would be all right," murmured Austen dubiously, "but to tell you the truth I have paid for my rooms uptown a month in advance, and if you don't mind I'll sleep there; but I can be here at any hour you set in the morning"

"That's all right," agreed Hammond, "and a very sensible plan it is to secure shelter when you have the money. We'll begin on this room when the advertisements come out and clear it up first, then you can stay where you are or here, just as you please." The old lady had followed them up the stair, visibly anxious about the accommodation for her unexpected guest, and her brow cleared when she heard his resolve to reside elsewhere

"Now," said Austen, noting down the address in his pocketbook, "I have my work cut out for me, so, good-by. I'll be back in the evening. Have your advertisement ready before five o'clock."

"Just listen to that, mother!" cried Hammond breezily. "Didn't I tell you? Isn't this just the man we want? You bet he is. 'Get your advertisement ready,' says he No thought of failure; just like the little girl who came to church to pray for rain and brought her umbrella along. That's the way I like to see a young fellow act. Why, mother, we haven't met a man like this since we left Michigan—have we?"

The millionaire smiled, shook hands with them both and took his departure

Sidney Austen found his palatial residence on Fifth Avenue in a state of siege. He had no need to seek the newspaper men—they were all there. Although it was not yet one o'clock the evening papers had long been out, and now the reporters wanted to know all about the alleged Soap Trust. Austen answered quite truthfully that he had not bought an evening paper that day and so was unacquainted with statements therein. He supposed that if it was in an evening paper it was bound to be true, at which the representatives of the morning papers laughed scornfully. But, speaking seriously, he said he was not forming a Soap Trust, although he admitted he was interested in the manufacture and sale of the article to a very limited extent. Soap was a useful blessing, he continued, and anything the newspaper boys could do to encourage its sale he would welcome for other than pecuniary reasons. The reporters laughed at this but wanted to know about the Soap Trust. He assured them again that he was not forming a Trust, either that day, the next day or the day after, but would telephone them if he changed his mind about the matter. He admitted, with seeming reluctance, that another man was endeavoring to form a Soap Trust, and when the reporters clamored for his name he couldn't remember it; that also he would telephone to them if it occurred to him later.

At last, however, he got rid of the reporters quite good-naturedly, talking much but telling little; then he called his secretary and gave him a list of newspapers

"Jackson," he said, "here is a piece of business which you must accomplish before the banks close, and in which my name is not to appear. Go to the business manager of each of these papers and learn the lowest price, spot cash, for a page advertisement to-morrow, and find out, casually if you can, which is the best firm of advertising agents, and then you will give him this list and ask him to quote terms for the whole lot. The prices you get at the newspaper offices will be your guide. Close the deal and bring me the account before the banks close. I will give you a check which you will cash and pay the currency to the agents, telling them that the copy will be in their hands before six o'clock to-night."

And it was done. Shortly before five o'clock Austen was in Hammond's house once more

"Is the copy ready?" he asked

"Ready long ago," cried Hammond "How many papers did you loot?"

"There's a list," said Austen, placing it before him

"Great Heavens!" cried Hammond; "do you mean to tell me you have raked in all that lot? My dear boy, you're a Napoleon."

"Let me have the advertisement," said Austen in his customary curt business tone.

The Baby Thrives on

because it is pure, rich milk from our own dairies, with the extract of malted grain, already prepared and reduced to powder form by our own special process—nutritious, easily digested, containing everything needed for the upbuilding of the child. Its use prevents the summer troubles incident to impure milk and improper feeding. Thousands of healthy children attest its value. Keeps in all climates. Convenient to carry and prepare when traveling. No cooking or addition of milk required Ask your physician about it

Very sustaining and strengthening for nursing mothers a delicious invigorating food-drink for EVERYBODY, ready in a moment by stirring in water

Used and sold everywhere—at all druggists.

SAMPLE If you are not using it, send for a trial package, charges prepaid **FREE**

Horlick's Food Co., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

St Harrington Road London, Eng 25 St Peter St Montreal Can

ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS

A [illegible] joy to every housekeeper [illegible] Light as a feather, beautiful [illegible] perfect, everlasting

Cannot rust or burn, chip or flake—No joints to catch dirt or microbes—Not more expensive than other good utensils.

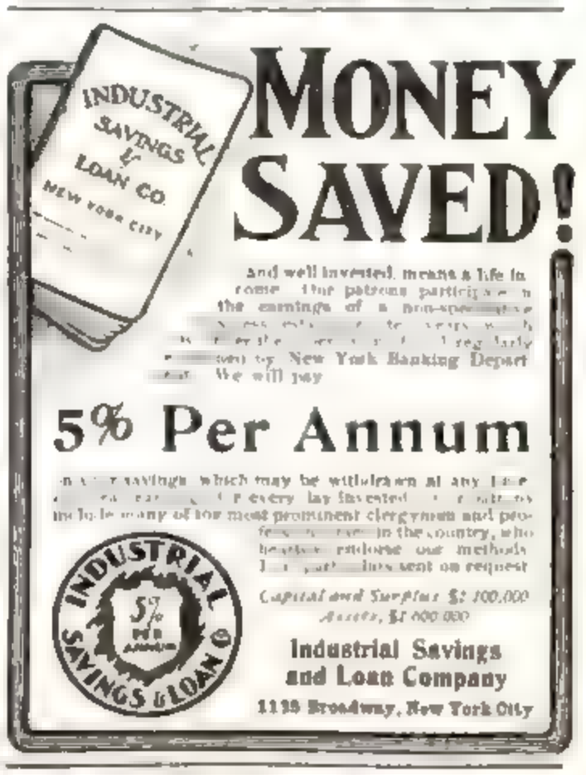
INTRODUCTORY OFFER

We want every woman to have at least one piece of Aluminum and will send by express prepaid, this Solid Aluminum Preserving Kettle, 4 quart size, for

$1.00

OUR TRADE MARK ON EVERY PIECE

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
Box k, Pittsburg, Pa.



MONEY SAVED!

And well invested, means a life income. Our patrons participate in the earnings of a non-speculative [illegible] Regularly examined by New York Banking Department. We will pay

5% Per Annum

on savings which may be withdrawn at any time. Every dollar invested [illegible] in the hands of one of our most prominent clergymen and professional men in the country, who heartily endorse our methods. Literature sent on request

Capital and Surplus $1,100,000
Assets, $1,000,000

Industrial Savings and Loan Company
1128 Broadway, New York City

It Costs Less

to-day than it will next year to make sure that your family will always have enough for comfort and education. Next year it may be impossible. Send for "The How and the Why." We insure by mail.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Perfect Fitting Shirts to Measure $1.50

Also at $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00, According to Grade of Goods

When you write to ask for our easily-comprehended measurement blank and samples of 1903 shirtings try to tell us what sort of patterns you prefer. We have hundreds of different designs. We cannot send all of these but we do send sixty patterns. If you do not find what you want among these we will send more.

We make stylish, perfect fitting Custom Made shirts to your measure for $1.50 and upwards. Also exclusive patterns, and [illegible] for future reference. It takes only a minute to measure yourself and after that your shirt troubles are over forever.

We get [illegible] every season. Write today for measurement chart and selections of our most attractive goods.

BEACH & NEWELL

1133 Broadway, New York

References: Western National Bank.

WE MAKE **Kitchen Utensils** HAVING THIS TRADE MARK

BURNED IN THE ENAMEL ... ARE SAFE

NO POISON

has ever been found in the enamel of

AGATE NICKEL-STEEL

If substitutes are offered, write us.

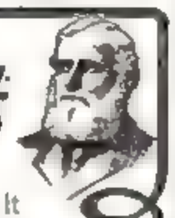
Sold by First-Class Department and House-Furnishing Stores. Send for new Booklet.

LALANCE & GROSJEAN MFG. CO.

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

For the Old as well as the Young.

WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE



Those who drink it regularly have no need of medicine and false stimulants. Welch's Grape Juice is a delicious, natural tonic that refreshes and invigorates; no reaction follows. Use Welch's on the table. Young and old appreciate it. It is pure and safe for all. Ask your druggist or grocer for Welch's. Booklet free; 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10 cts.

WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO., Westfield, N. Y.

BADGER'S FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Does more good in your Home when the fire starts than The Fire Engine a mile away when the fire is in full blaze

Strong and Simple
Instant in Action

It throws a stream 30 feet. No parts to lose or break. Every Home should have one. A Child can use it. Always Ready.

Agents Wanted

In every city and town. Exclusive territory. Liberal Commissions.

Badger Fire Extinguisher Co.
Dept. B, 32 Portland St., Boston, Mass.

"I've got a messenger waiting in the hall there."

"I have made only four copies," cried Hammond, aghast at his own lack of enterprise as compared with that of his employee.

"That doesn't matter," said Austen, "one copy is enough. I didn't deal with the newspapers at all but with the biggest firm of advertising agents in the city. They have got more enterprise and will take bigger risks than the newspapers. Then it saves time, dealing with one man in preference to a dozen."

Hammond handed him the sheet of copy and Austen glanced rapidly over it, catching a phrase at the beginning which was shortly to become a slang term throughout the country.

"That's first-rate," he said, then called in the messenger boy and bade him be off full speed.

Hammond sat back in his chair gazing up at his helper with undisguised admiration.

"Now strike me dumb," he said, "but I never once thought of the advertising agents. That was a stroke of genius. Say, Sidney, you're a Napoleon!"

On the day the advertisement appeared nothing much happened, but the great pages spread broadcast over the land were certainly the talk of the town. On the second morning, however, the avalanche began, and much as Hammond admired his new assistant before, his admiration now gave place to amazement at the other's power of coping with the situation, for Hammond was almost swamped by the flood of letters; but Sidney remained calm and collected, yet thought of everything a few hours before it occurred to his employer. He rented a vacant house next door and filled it with girls who could write addresses. He set Hammond at a table to open the letters and see that none of the silver or stamps went in the wrong direction. His faculty for rapid and efficient organization astounded his chief. When letters began to pour in from the near West, and even from the Pacific Coast, Hammond expressed his amazement at the circulation of the New York papers, but Sidney remarked casually:

"That was a very good ad. of yours, and so I have ordered it into the Chicago and Denver and San Francisco sheets. Wherever the postman calls, that's our territory, you know."

Early in the struggle he asked Mother Hammond for the soap receipt and got it. She, poor woman, overwhelmed, had lit the fire under the kitchen boiler and was manufacturing soap, for the supply in sight was melting like snow on a June day. Hammond was kept so busy that he did not notice the failing stock, and when at last he did he was panic-stricken.

"Oh, don't worry," said Sidney; "there's a factory over in Brooklyn that was closed because of this new combine and I have annexed it. There are thirty expert men at work on mother's receipt across the river and we'll be posting from there next week."

"Oh, you're a wonder," cried Hammond, mopping his perspiring brow. "I'm a fool compared with you. But never mind, my lad, you're going to make money out of this, and we're only at the beginning of it."

Austen threw himself heart and soul into the business, and three weeks passed so quickly that he could hardly realize they were gone. So as to lose no time he had taken the upper bedroom, when it was empty, and worked in his shirt sleeves night and day almost, perfecting his organization, running the factory and attending to the advertising. One day on a Brooklyn Bridge car, when he looked more like a laboring man than a millionaire, he was unexpectedly accosted by one of his colleagues.

"Suffering Moses, Austen, where have you been? We've been telegraphing Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago for you, and all over the country; one or other of us has been sitting on your doorstep for the last ten days. What have you been doing?"

He looked Austen up and down, and, although too polite to comment on his grease-stained clothes, he was evidently dumfounded at his friend's appearance. Austen laughed with more heartiness than the other had ever known him to indulge in.

"Oh," he said, "I've been taking a few days off to learn the intricacies of the soap business. That accounts for the costume. You have to look pretty closely at the cost of production, you know, and so I know a good deal more than I did when I saw you last. Why were you so anxious to find me?"

"Stretton threw up his hand nearly two weeks since."

"Chucked it, eh. Very well; you call a meeting for to-morrow at ten o'clock and I'll be there in a decenter suit of clothes than I've got on at the present moment."

Austen was as good as his word and walked nonchalantly into the directors' room a few minutes before ten, looking much more fit, his friends told him, than when he had been there last.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, when he had called the meeting to order, "since we were here last another soap man has come very rapidly to the front. I refer to Hammond, whose advertisements you must have seen in the papers. During my enforced leisure I was at pains to learn something of his business, and I regard Hammond as our most dangerous opponent if left outside of our combination. I therefore propose that we offer Mr. Hammond two hundred thousand dollars for his business. Are you agreed?"

Stretton was silent, but all the rest signified their approval. They had had their lesson and would throw no more obstacles in the way of this cocksure young man.

Austen then directed the secretary to write the letter making this offer to Hammond, and signed it before leaving the room.

Austen had told Hammond that he should require a day or two off, as he felt somewhat fagged by the strain of the previous three weeks, and Hammond had cheerfully assented. Nevertheless, Austen called at the brownstone front the day following the meeting. Hammond, with a shriek of delight on seeing him, fairly embraced the young man, much to his confusion, for such a demonstration was contrary to the custom of the country.

"Sidney, my boy," he shouted, "we've *got* 'em!"

"Oh," said Austen nonchalantly, "the advertisements are panning out still, are they?"

"I'm not talking of the advertisement. You won't believe it, but I've been offered—I can show you the proof right here and now—Austen, the big millionaire, has offered me two hundred thousand dollars for the factory. Two hundred thousand—think of that!"

"Well, I'd take it," said Sidney quietly.

"Take it, why of course I'll take it; but what I want to say is, that a hundred thousand of this belongs to you. Yes, sir; we share and share alike."

"Nonsense," said Austen with a smile.

"There's no nonsense about it. You're entitled to it and you're going to get it; and what's more, I'm going right up to Austen and tell him that part of the bargain is that he's to give you the best position he's got in the Trust, next to himself."

"Nonsense," again ejaculated Austen. "You just take his offer, collar the money and give the hundred thousand dollars you don't seem to want to mother here, then get back to Michigan and be happy. I'll look after myself."

"Of course you can do that, but I'll not accept this offer unless Austen promises to do the square thing by you. It's part of the bargain. Why, where should I have been if it hadn't been for you? I'd have been snowed under; yes, sir; I'd have been smothered by the efforts of the United States mail. I'm going straight to Austen—I'm entitled to see him; there's his letter and there's his signature—and I'm going to talk Mr. Sidney to him to beat the band."

"All right," said his late employee with a sigh, "don't trouble to go to the bank to see him, but talk to him here and now. I'm Sidney Austen, if you want to know, and this season of soap making has done me any amount of good, besides the pleasure of making the acquaintance of you and mother."

Very Much to the Point

WHEN President McKinley made his last trip to California, he was scheduled to stop at San Bernardino. Mrs. McKinley's illness called him to San Francisco, and he left Secretary Hay of the State Department and Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture behind to make the speeches.

The two Cabinet Members went on the platform. Secretary Hay stepped forward and apologized for the President's absence. He explained the circumstances. Then he said: "I shall not attempt to speak to you, but as you are all interested in agriculture I want to say that we have here, one of the best-informed men in the country on that science. Secretary Wilson——"

"That's all right about Wilson," broke in a man who was standing in the crowd, "but who the deuce are you?"

Reduced Prices on Suits

$6.67 to $20.00

EVERYTHING MADE TO ORDER

THIS is the last month of our Reduced Price Sale, therefore act quickly if you wish to take advantage of it. Suits and Skirts made to order (nothing ready-made) at *less than regular prices*. All of our styles and materials are suitable for present wear.

Handsome Tailored Suits $6.67, former price $10.
$12 Suits reduced to $8
$15 Suits reduced to $10
$20 Suits reduced to $13.34
$25 Suits reduced to $16.67
$30 Suits reduced to $20.
Rainy Day and Dressy Skirts in the newest models, $3.34 former price $5
$6 Skirts reduced to $4
$7.50 Skirts reduced to $5
$10 Skirts reduced to $6.67.
$12 Skirts reduced to $8.
Reduced prices on Jackets, Traveling Dresses, etc.

Catalogue, Samples and Bargain List sent *free* by return mail. If the garment which we make for you does not prove satisfactory, send it back promptly, and *we will refund your money*. Orders can be filled with the greatest promptness, very often in three days' time. Write to-day and don't fail to say you wish Summer Catalogue No. 195 and Reduced Price samples.

OUR NEW FALL CATALOGUE, ready August 24, will be the handsomest fashion publication of its kind ever issued. It will illustrate stylish suits from $8 to $40, Jackets from $7 to $20, Church and Carriage Costumes, Separate Skirts, etc. Every well dressed woman should have one. Write now and we will mail you a copy FREE, together with a full line of new fall samples as soon as ready. Be sure to say you wish the NEW FALL CATALOGUE No. 196 and samples.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY

STRAIGHT BACK "STANLEY" TRUNKS

The New Kind

Our patented "corner hinge" is best, because you don't ever have to [illegible] Costs No More Than Others

DRESSER TRUNKS

A Bureau and Trunk Combined

Everything with a fancy trunk. No rummaging for clothing. No [illegible] sent to any one anywhere.

"On Approval"

We ship every trunk "on approval" to you and it may be returned at OUR EXPENSE if not found at our factory Prices better value than can be obtained in any [illegible] trunk. In addition to its improved features and great convenience. Send for Special Booklet No. A 1006.

THE HOMER YOUNG CO., Ltd., Toledo, O.

Money making money is the secret of success

Every dollar you deposit with this bank works for you day and night earning 4 per cent. annual interest, compounded twice a year. We have depositors in every state of the Union and in many foreign countries who do their banking by mail. Handsome Booklet, telling all about our Banking by Mail System, sent free if you mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
Peoples Savings Bank Building
Pittsburg, Pa.

Capital, Surplus and Profits, . $1,116,606 86
Total assets over . . $10,000,000.00

THE READING TABLE

How to Catch a Tiger

ONE day, at Utica, some fifteen years ago, Marshall P. Wilder, the platform humorist, attended Barnum's circus with some friends. He had never met Barnum at that time, and when the great showman came along in front of the seats bowing and smiling as was his custom, Wilder said:

"Bet you supper to-night for the party that I can get a dollar from him before he leaves the tent."

"Done!" said one of the party.

Wilder slipped down, and just as Barnum approached the place of exit he stepped up briskly and said

"Excuse me, Mr. Barnum, but I believe one of your tigers escaped yesterday."

"Yes, sir," promptly responded the showman. "Our royal Bengal man-eating tiger. The press agent has the matter in charge." And the great circus man moved along toward the exit.

"Hold on a moment," continued Wilder. "I see you offer $500 for its capture. It's a waste of good money. Give me $1 and I'll fetch him to you."

"Hah!" exclaimed Barnum, looking down at the other curiously. "Come, now, I haven't time," and he started on again.

"See here," cried Wilder, clutching at the disappearing coat tails, "let me explain. My plan is to take a time when the tiger is on one side of a high board fence. Then I shall creep along the other side to the first knothole with a pail of cream. Tiger smells cream. Can't get it. Sticks tail through knothole intending to insert it in pail, withdraw it and lick off cream. I tie a knot in his tail before he can carry out his plan. I want the dollar for the cream."

"Here you are, sonny," exclaimed Barnum, producing a silver dollar, and disappeared from the tent.

Eugene Field's Hat

EUGENE FIELD used to have, among other treasures in his den, an immense cowboy hat made of buckskin, with a wide embossed leather band around it, the whole probably weighing some five pounds. No ordinary human being could have worn it ten minutes without having a raging headache. One day a friend missed it from its accustomed peg.

"What's become of your precious sombrero, Eugene?" he asked

"Well, it's gone," answered Field rather reluctantly. Then after a moment he added:

"You see, it was this way:

"I had a dream the other night in which I saw myself sitting on a piazza with several young folks, and the time was fifty years after my death. I soon made out that one of the young ladies was my great-granddaughter. Something was said about authors. 'Oh,' says the young lady, 'did I ever tell you that my great-grandfather was an author? His name was Eugene Field.' Nobody had ever heard of me except one young fellow who thought he'd seen my name in a book of reference when he was at college. 'Well,' the girl went on, 'he was a poet and quite well known in his day. Papa used to have a book of his poems. We've got his hat yet,' and with that she disappeared and came back carrying that cowboy hat like a Christmas picture of a man bringing in the boar's head. 'Just think,' she said, 'of poor great-grandpapa wearing that. But I suppose it was the thing in his day,' and then those confounded young folks gathered around, and lifted it, and talked, and made cheap jokes about the fashions of their ancestors till I couldn't stand it any longer and shouted, 'Hold on, there, you idiots,' and that woke me up. But in the morning I sent the hat down to the Foreign Mission Society. I hope an African king gets it."

Strenuous Exercise

SOME years ago President Roosevelt sat for his portrait to a well-known French artist whose Gallic politeness was only equaled by his desire to speak our language in the vernacular. In some way he had hit upon our word "wiggle," and found it of frequent use in dealing with his subject, who, as may well be suspected, is not a patient sitter. One day the artist found him particularly restless and was at last forced to reason with him

"Ah, Monsieur, I im plore, do not wiggle ze hands

After a few minutes he spoke again.

"Monsieur, par-don, but pleece do not wiggle ze head."

A few more brush strokes and another appeal

"Ze shoulzhare, Monsieur; I beg zat you do not wiggle eet"

"But see here," cried Roosevelt, "I've *got* to wiggle somewhere. Just tell me what I *can* wiggle, please"

"Certainement," came the reply, "Monsieur may wiggle ze ear."

ODDITIES AND NOVELTIES OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

THE VERSATILE BANANA—It will yet make the fortune of wise boarding-house keepers.

NEW uses are being found for the banana—that valuable plant which will produce forty-four times as much human food to an acre of land as can be obtained from an equal area in the shape of potatoes.

One of the latest novelties is "banana coffee," which is made by drying the fruit and subjecting it to a process of roasting, after granulating it. It tastes a good deal like real coffee, and, like many preparations of the kind evolved from cereals, is recommended as devoid of the harmfulness commonly attributed to the true coffee bean.

Another product put up by the same concern is "banana figs." The fruit is cut into slices and put through a process which is as yet a secret, though sugar is employed incidentally—the result being a decidedly toothsome delicacy, not much like figs, but equally far away from the ordinary banana. It is sufficiently palatable to deserve popularity.

Yet another novelty in the same line is "banana raisins," as they are called, which are appetizing bits of the fruit prepared, by a different process, with sugar. They are put up in boxes and sold as a sweetmeat.

In countries where the banana grows it is highly valued as a vegetable for cooking, being fried in slices or otherwise prepared, but in the United States (save in Florida) its availability for culinary purposes is practically unknown. Of all fruits it is the most nutritious, containing as it does twenty-seven per cent. of starch. Many people consider the fruit indigestible, but the probability is that it has this reputation because people swallow it in chunks, instead of chewing it properly, as they would any other food.

WHERE FALLING STARS LAND—It must be dangerous to walk out on dark nights in Mexico.

THE fall of a great meteorite, a few days ago, at Cocolapan, where it demolished a bronze statue before burying itself deep in the ground, causing panic among the people, calls fresh attention to the curious fact that Mexico is the greatest country in the world for such "fallen stars."

Ten known meteorites which have dropped within the area of the republic have had a total weight of ninety-five and one-half tons, or an average of over nine tons apiece. The ten biggest ones found to date in the United States, together weigh less than one-twentieth as much. And, oddly enough, all of the large Mexican meteoric "irons" have fallen inside of a belt one thousand miles long by two hundred and eighty miles broad, which follows the axis of the great Central American plateau.

The largest celestial body that ever visited the earth, so far as is known, was recently discovered by Prof. Henry A. Ward in the State of Sinaloa, Mexico. It is a mass of solid iron and nickel, thirteen feet in length, and weighing about fifty tons. The existence of this greatest of meteorites, which is approached in size by only one other recorded specimen, was reported as far back as 1836; but no scientific man had ever seen it and the story was supposed to be a fable. It was located, according to the tale, in the far northwestern part of the republic, near the village of Bacubirito.

Professor Ward, who is an enthusiastic meteorologist, started to investigate the story. He was obliged to cross Mexico by train to the west coast, and to go by steamboat six hundred miles to Altata, on the Gulf of California, whence it was four days' journey to Bacubirito. For once popular rumor proved correct, and he came upon the long-sought monster a short distance south of the town. It lay in a cornfield, half buried—a huge boulder of black iron shaped like a great ham.

Aided by twenty-eight native laborers, Professor Ward dug out the mass, which was lifted on end with levers to be photographed. With much difficulty, owing to the hardness of the substance, he succeeded in detaching a small piece of eleven pounds weight, which he brought home with him and deposited in the Museum of Natural History in New York City. The length of the meteorite was thirteen feet, with a width of thirty-six feet and a thickness of somewhat over five feet

Before long the Mexican Government will move the newly-discovered monster to the City of Mexico, where it will be weighed to an ounce. A dozen years ago $10,000 was spent in fetching five of the biggest meteorites to the Capital, where they are mounted on iron pillars at the entrance of the School of Mines. Professor Ward obtained a chemical analysis of a bit of the fragment which he brought home, and ascertained that the greatest of all meteorites was composed of eighty-nine per cent. iron, seven per cent. nickel a fifth of one per cent. cobalt and a little phosphorus, with a trace of sulphur and silicon.

THE CORK OAK. It stops the mouth of a thirsty world and will keep you wet or dry.

A NEW kind of cork-bearing tree, which is expected to prove of much commercial value, has been discovered recently in Nicaragua, whence considerable quantities of its bark are already being shipped to the United States. It is called the Anona, closely resembles the ordinary cottonwood, and grows along the watercourses and in moist places. The cork is obtained from the roots.

The Department of Agriculture is anxious to encourage the cultivation in this country of the cork oak, which ought to grow very well in the Southern States and California. Indeed, about one thousand of the trees have already been planted in the San Gabriel Valley, California, and many bushels of the acorns have been distributed by the University of California. The acorns are good to eat, having a flavor like that of chestnuts.

The cultivation of the cork oak began in Spain, and to-day 3,500,000 acres of cork forests furnish the requisite supply of this indispensable bark, Portugal being the principal producer. Seven billions of cut corks, of one hundred and fifty different shapes and sizes, are consumed by the world each twelvemonth, the total product in the rough fetching about $8,000,000. The finest quality is used for champagne bottles

The United States import $2,000,000 worth of cork per annum. But in this country we hardly appreciate the wide usefulness of the material, which in Southern Europe is employed for roofing, boats, furniture, saddles, horseshoes, pails, drinking-vessels, coffins, fences, religious images and a great variety of other purposes. The waste scraps are utilized for stuffing cushions and mattresses, in the manufacture of bricks for use where great dryness is required, and (mixed with paper-pulp) for a kind of pasteboard. Life-boats, life-preservers, insoles for shoes, bicycle handles, nose-pieces for eyeglasses, hat-linings and "cork concrete" consume great quantities of the bark. "Spanish black" is made from burned cork.

Special to Post Readers

How Ad. Writing and Originality are Successfully Taught by Correspondence

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of Aug. 8th will be the Issue Explaining the Famous New System

Steady Demand for Ad. Writers at Incomes from $100 to $500 a Month

Mr. Powell's Business Promotion Methods and Expert Service for Advertisers and Worthy Commercial Enterprises

GEORGE H. POWELL

OWING to delay in the preparation of an article on "How Advertising Writing and Originality is Successfully Taught by Mail," by Mr. George H. Powell, the readers of **The Saturday Evening Post** are informed that this popular paper will appear in the issue of August 8th instead of this week.

By the plainest sort of illustrating and explanation, Mr. Powell will show how he takes young men and women and trains them by this correspondence plan to fill advertising positions at good salaries.

This article will also explain why advertising originality is an artificial acquirement rather than a born talent, as so many readers have commonly supposed.

Every **Post** subscriber should look for the August 8th issue.

Mr. Powell's new and interesting Prospectus, telling in the most complete manner about the new and marvelous business of ad. writing, will be mailed free to all readers who address him personally and ask for it.

It is a well-known fact that Mr. Powell ranks as one of America's leading business and advertising experts, and his services in promoting new advertising enterprises can be enlisted by a limited number of business men who have a reasonable amount of capital and wish to secure a market in the shortest time possible.

Business men readers of **The Saturday Evening Post** can consult Mr. Powell by mail, by briefly stating the facts, amount of capital at command, and asking for particulars as to his promotion methods. His address is

GEORGE H. POWELL

No. 12 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

SYSTEM *the Endless Chain*

System is the chain that moves the cogs of business—that moves them smoothly—swiftly—surely. You start the system going and each and every cog responds. Does your business run smoothly? Does your system prevent wasteful errors? This page describes some of the practical helps that are necessary to a perfectly systematized, smooth-running business. Read this page carefully. A convenient coupon at the lower right-hand corner will bring you more detailed information.

Old fashioned bound books for accounts are impractical and expensive. Loose leaf books allow of arrangement, rearrangement and expansion. They save time, for the yearly or semi-yearly opening of new books is done away with. They are self indexing. No outside index is required. THE JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS have every advantage of any loose leaf book and more—absolute alignment of the leaves—a strong binder in which the leaves cannot move a hair's breadth. Every progressive business man should read Catalog 1. It explains JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS and how you can use them in your business.

The little things in an office sometimes save the most time, labor and money. RUBBER STAMPS, NUMBERING MACHINES, ETC., suited to your business, will aid you in a countless number of ways, and at little cost considering the valuable service they can render. There is system in [illegible] know about. An ingenious [illegible] holder called "Rex" keeps them in order, clean and handy. The best ideas on Rubber Stamps and kindred articles are described in Catalog 12. New ways for better stamps are being discovered almost daily. If you send for this catalog you will receive not only the latest and most practical ideas discovered up to date, but will be kept informed of new schemes that are being constantly originated in the most successful mercantile houses.

No office is considered complete without an EDISON MIMEOGRAPH. In these days of commercial competition there is no surer, quicker or cheaper way of quickening business than by employing the many means offered by this valuable machine. There is a place in almost every [illegible] for a Mimeograph [illegible] and money [illegible] has your [illegible] to read it. Cut out and sign the coupon in the corner of this advertisement, or better still, write us a letter stating your business.

Every man who dictates correspondence is interested in the question "Which is the best typewriter?" There are twenty five substantial reasons why the OLIVER TYPEWRITER is the best typewriter ever produced. So phenomenally successful has this machine become that it has proven its unquestioned right to the title "The Standard Visible Writer" and the business world has decided that its adoption increases quantity, improves quality and reduces expense. Strong terms—but easily proven. The wide range of the Oliver Typewriter's usefulness makes it easy to adopt systems heretofore impracticable except with the pen. Catalog 2 explains the many points of superiority in the Oliver Typewriter.

The ADDRESSOGRAPH is as necessary to a modern office as steam is to an engine. With it an office boy can do in one hour what it formerly took ten clerks two hours to do. It not only addresses envelopes in exact imitation of typewriting, but also [illegible] cards, [illegible] letters, prints names and addresses on shipping tags, pay envelopes, [illegible] and statements and loose leaf systems. Thousands of business houses now have their lists of names arranged for the Addressograph and kept by States or Territories so that printed matter can be speedily sent to any special list. There is at least one use for it in your business for the Addressograph. It will pay you to learn now what it will do for you. Catalog 7 describes it, and illustrates its many uses. Write for it to-day.

File your clippings, memoranda, and manuscript. Every busy man—literary, business or professional—realizes the great necessity of properly filing and classifying memoranda, copy, data, etc. Anyone who has spent time searching through a mass of papers for a paragraph once made, a misplaced clipping or memorandum, will appreciate the tremendous advantage of having such data arranged in order and at his fingers' ends. THE LIBRARY FILING CABINET is the solution of the [illegible] It is [illegible] and ready reference. Send for Catalog 8. It gives valuable [illegible] that cannot be acquired from any other source.

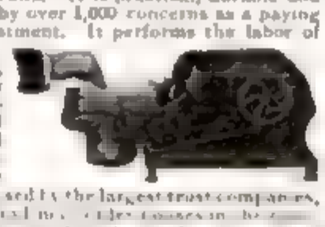
There was a time when any old chair would do for the office. Business and comfort were not partners. But times have changed and ideas of business comfort have changed with them. McCLOUD'S NEW IMPROVED CENTER & SIDE SPRING BACK CHAIRS have been important factors in the improvement [illegible] they [illegible] them because they give complete back rest while at work, thereby enabling the man at the desk or woman at the typewriter to accomplish more work with greater comfort. Catalog 14 describes the above the adjustment which fits the back.

"RIGHT MEN FOR RIGHT PLACES. RIGHT PLACES FOR RIGHT MEN." This is the watchword of Hapgoods, the incorporated company which has made a clearing house for brains one of the most notable features of modern business methods. They are always on the lookout for good men and women to [illegible] good American brains will find Hapgoods Catalog 21a. If you are a square peg, desiring a high grade position, write for Hapgoods Catalog 21b. Large offices are established in the Mutual Reserve Building, New York City; the Monadnock Building, Chicago; the Pennsylvania Building, Philadelphia, other branch offices besides.

Time is money. This is particularly true in the commercial world. BAIRD'S NO. 12 TIME STAMP [illegible] accurate record for every purpose where time counts. The receipt of correspondence, job time, the arrival and departure of employees and in countless other cases time is measured to the minute by this—the only durable time stamp. It is made of best materials, with [illegible] steel [illegible] The clock [illegible] separate compartment from the stamping mechanism and is unaffected by the hammer action. The price is remarkably low. Catalog 3 describes and illustrates the Baird Time Stamp.

For many years methods of accounting did not change materially, but when the BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE was placed on the market this branch of office work was revolutionized. To-day there are 14,000 of these great [illegible] in banks, mercantile houses, factories, wholesale [illegible] Whether [illegible] machine is not part of an office equipment it is because [illegible] are not [illegible] It [illegible] the [illegible] figures that the typewriter does to correspondence, adding figures with ten times the speed of the quickest clerk. Described in Catalog 13.

To save time and labor, to insure neatness and accuracy, to facilitate work, use the THEXTON ELECTRIC ENVELOPE SEALER. It is practical, durable and simple. Endorsed by over 1,000 concerns as a paying and profitable investment. It performs the labor of [illegible] [illegible] is always ready for instant use. Simply [illegible] and feed envelopes [illegible] [illegible] sells the largest trust companies, banks, commercial and [illegible] concerns in the country, who are constantly using the machine. Sent out on free trial to [illegible] upon request. Ask now for Catalog 11, with list of users.



No matter what you want to file—information, papers, samples, documents—there is a Shaw-Walker way to do it. And that way is the best way because it is the most simple. Shaw-Walker card systems are better than books—Shaw-Walker vertical letter files better than flat sheet cabinets—Shaw-Walker sectional bookcases better than solid ones. All are built in sections so they will grow as your business grows. Send to-day for Catalog 19. It tells all about SHAW-WALKER SYSTEMS. The book is concise, terse, yet complete. Costs the Shaw-Walker Company 38 cts. to send it, but they will do so gladly if you simply sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement.

SOME business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that same prejudice has kept them from knowing how great a saving WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS would make in their office work. Continuous writing without dipping and blotting saves so much of a man's own time—and the time of his stenographers and clerks—that a pen pays for itself in a short time. But the fountain pen must be a "Waterman," else the bother and leaks and breaks might offset the saving. Catalog 8 tells all about Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, and of special pens made for modern office work. If you are interested in manifold work, tell us.

The PROTECTOGRAPH absolutely secures the integrity of checks. It impresses a line like this

NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS $5 $

[illegible] strictly indelible ink upon any preferred part of the check so deeply as to make the [illegible] part of the document [illegible] and absolutely unalterable and [illegible] It is used by the U. S. Treasury and more than 10,000 financial and [illegible] The machine is a model of mechanical beauty, simplicity and efficiency. Write for Catalog 15, which tells some things about check raising and check protection that you may not know. Postal will bring it.

Free information is offered you here. Mail us this coupon or write a letter

TO SYSTEM
Chicago

Please send without cost [illegible] the books checked in the list following

Catalog 1	
Catalog 2	
Catalog 3	Catalog 13
Catalog 4	Catalog 14
Catalog 5	Catalog 15
Catalog 6	Catalog 19
Catalog 7	Catalog 21a
Catalog 8	Catalog 21b
Catalog 11	Catalog 24

Name _____

Address _____

Business _____

I enclose $_____ [illegible] SYSTEM the magazine for [illegible] on approval. If I am not satisfied when the subscription ends you agree to return my remittance.

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Edited by
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Marquette Building
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Million Dollar Book Making—By Norman H. White

THE earliest bookbindings of which we have knowledge, are those of the ancient Persians, who preserved their writings in sheets of hardened clay, one slab fastened to the other by means of metal rings. In the third century before Christ, to Eumenes, King of Pergamus, is attributed the binding of literature in the folded form

The true preservation of writings in the bound form began with the fastening together of separate sheets or pieces of pliable material Such sheets of written matter were either rolled or folded, each giving rise to a form of binding which is peculiar to itself. The folded sheet, however, was the one which was destined to outlive the roll, which was bound by fastening the sheets together sidewise and rolling the whole from end to end, the last sheet being the cover of all the rest This was the style used by the Egyptians, and in all probability was invented by them; we find great libraries of rolls, which existed for a considerable length of time after the Christian era, in use among the Greeks and Romans. Although the roll form has now entirely disappeared, the terminology of the word has survived, for we are all familiar with the word "volume," a thing that is rolled—a roll.

During the Dark Ages bindings were practically unknown, and it was not until the fifteenth century that books in the bound form could be said to be common. In fact, from the fifth to the fifteenth century, few bindings of any nature have been preserved. The laborious writings of the Roman slaves were later taken up by the monastic orders, which fact is responsible for the great diversity of styles in the preservation of these literary treasures

It is not remarkable that, among all nations, Bibles mark the various binding epochs, and are oftentimes found to be most valuable and of the finest workmanship. This is illustrated by the Bible in the Vatican at Rome, written in Hebrew, weighing five hundred and twenty pounds, for which Pope Julius II as early as the year 1512 was offered its weight in gold by a syndicate of Venetian Jews

Though the work of the monks was of a most clumsy but durable style, it was the true art of bookbinding and was its foundation. Their massive volumes with clasps and hinges, with great board covers inlaid with gold and ivory carvings, as seen in the Vatican to-day, demonstrated the monks' love of their work. As the period of the Renaissance approached, this heavy style gave way to bindings in silks and satins The cumbersome specimens of the earlier period broke the way for finer grades of work

Grolier, at the time of Francis I, was preeminently the greatest book-lover of his time, and may be said to be the father of artistic binding. He, of course, took the methods of his predecessors; but improved greatly upon them, and, instead of producing massive books, he lent his attention to smaller books with exquisite colorings and designs.

The work of Grolier was soon imitated by the Italians, English and French; and, although the finest bindings were first made in France, we find that in the eighteenth century Englishmen were in the lead, headed by a binder named Roger Payne, who died in 1797. Many of Payne's works can be found in the British Museum, and he spent much of his time and attention catering to the demands of the nobility, whose patronage he soon gained.

The Machine-Made Volume

Imagine the perplexities of a publisher with accumulated orders for some two hundred thousand copies of his latest novel on file and with no facilities but those of the human hand to depend on for binding the books.

Machinery binds the novel you are reading at the rate of thirty-one copies each minute of the working day. This sounds the more incredible when you realize that the process of binding involves folding the sheets, gathering them together in their proper order, sewing them, glueing the backs, trimming the edges, gilding the tops, making the pasteboard covers, stamping the cloth and covering the book with the stamped cloth. And the wizardry of modern machinery does all this with a book in less than two seconds, for the output of our large American binderies is some fifteen thousand copies a day

Binding is divided into two classes, leather work and cloth binding; the technical name of the latter, to distinguish it from real binding, as a book-lover would term it, is "jacketing." Your copy of the Oxford Teachers' Bible is bound; your David Harum or The Crisis is jacketed

The handling of cloth bindings involves the greatest speed and the most complicated machinery. Instead of folding the printed sheet by hand, as is generally the case in leather bindings, the sheets are fed automatically into a folding-machine which gives the results in signatures of sixteen, thirty-two or even sixty-four pages. It is not uncommon for one machine to give eighty thousand signatures a day. The next step is the gathering of this great mass of paper into countless books. All the signatures containing pages one to sixteen are laid in one pile. This we call the first signature. Then come the second, the third, and so on. With great rapidity girls gather these forms up, taking the top sheet from each pile, and, by going the length of the table and back again, in a very few seconds they have gathered up two volumes It is an astonishing fact that, although bookbinders and inventors for the last twenty years or more have been trying to invent a gathering-machine to do this labor, owing to the diversified character of the paper that is used, a successful gathering-machine has never yet been placed upon the market. It is interesting to note the attempts that have been made to substitute machine for hand labor. At one time the signatures were piled on a circular table and the girl would take off a signature from each pile as the table revolved. This was not successful, as the operator soon became seasick or dizzy Then a machine was tried that moved the whole table back and forth in front of the girl This also caused dizziness and confusion

After the gathering, as the paper is apt to have a great deal of wood pulp in it, the gathered mass of material is put into a machine that subjects it to tremendous pressure and leaves it ready for sewing. The sewing-machine, a compact little affair not much more than three or four feet high, is a marvelous invention. The operator feeds in signature after signature, laying each one on arms that come up endlessly and the machine sews one book on to the other in an endless chain. The books are now cut apart by simply cutting the connecting threads and are immediately covered with a thin coating of glue to prevent the stitches from unraveling.

How the Covers are Made

If the books are to have gilded edges, the edges so gilded are cut by a cutting-machine so that they are smooth and ready for the gilder's hand. He takes them, puts them into a vise or press, and, having sized the surface of the edge with albumen, lays the gold leaf on the edge and burnishes with polishers of agate or bloodstone of various degrees of hardness.

With the sewed volume and the gilded edge, it is necessary now that the round in the back be made, and, instead of putting it into a vise and hammering it, as the monkish binders did and as we still do to-day in the case of leather bindings, the volumes are run through a powerful machine which holds each one for an instant under strong pressure and rubs the back until it assumes the desired round shape. After leaving the rounder's machine the book is strengthened by means of super cloth and heavy paper before the cover is put on.

Pieces of cloth cut to suit the size of the volume required are fed into a machine which covers the under surface with glue, picks up two pieces of board, places them on the cloth, turns in the edges and glues a piece of paper on the back. Operated by a lad of seventeen or eighteen years of age, this little machine, without assistance, can make from 3500 to 4500 covers a day.

The cover is now ready for stamping. An artist has prepared a drawing from which a die-cutter has made a brass die. You may regard the brass die as type and the cloth as paper. It is merely a question of stamping by machinery the proper colors and patterns, great care being given to a nice registry that does not permit the color of one portion of the design to overlap another. Skilled labor is here required to supplement the machine.

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Vacation days suggest a rifle to many who enjoy the out-of-doors.
A Remington No. 6 "take-down" can be easily packed and proves accurate and safe
"Remington guns stand the racket."
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THE ALL-IMPORTANT FOOD QUESTION will be furnished free for postal card request, and you get the result of 26 years' scientific investigation.
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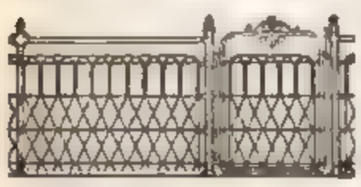

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Weather Proof
Retains its poise and rigidity a lifetime. The correct fence for lawns, parks, cemeteries, etc. Woven throughout of double galvanized steel wire Catalog (free) shows many other styles at 10c. to 50c. a foot.
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are the easiest and most comfortable suspender made. Have indestructible buttonholes. If your dealer doesn't keep them send 50 cents for sample pair.
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PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin
Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original) Sample Free. Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

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After the cover is stamped it is pasted on the book and to the end papers, and the cloth lining, or super, is placed on the back and run slightly on each side of the book, making a joint. This is the modern binding, so called, of a cloth volume. It is really not a binding, but the pasting of a cloth cover over a machine-sewed volume, the cover itself not having the permanent strength that a properly forwarded and bound book should have

The well-equipped bindery of to-day can easily turn out 10,000 or 15,000 cloth volumes every working day of the year, and encyclopædias and dictionaries are frequently shipped from binderies actually in carloads for distribution

Where the Best Leathers Come From

Books can be bound in almost any leather from the best skin to the cheapest of cowhide which may be split several times

The study of leather is one to which a person could devote his whole life and then know really little about the various processes of tanning, coloring and graining, and little of the various hides which can be split and resplit, so that the skin of one animal can be made to cover eight or ten times its original number of square feet. Next to parchment, the most durable leather is the goatskin or so-called morocco, and I am ashamed to say that the American morocco is the cheapest and poorest of the great variety of moroccos to be found in the leather market. The Boers and Englishmen in Cape Colony have crossed a goat and sheep and have produced a morocco —so-called—which is called Cape goat. The Boer war has caused a dearth of this animal, and, therefore, during the last two years there has been a demand for a slightly better grade

The durability of the skin is to a great extent dependent upon its tanning. The Germans lead to-day in the art of tanning, coloring and graining, their product being always of a high grade and the skins which they use clear and without scratches, whereas the American skins are very apt to be poor in surface and likely to fade when exposed to severe sunlight.

Germans and French excel in creating the pebbles on the surface of the skin. This is produced by various methods of rubbing by hand when the skin is wet. We Americans are apt to stamp our goods with hot dies, creating the same general effect in appearance but a vastly inferior grade of leather. It is obvious that for full bound work a handsome volume must have its covering smooth and without scratches, whereas for half bound work we can cut around such scratches and still have the same quality of leather in each binding. It is peculiar that law books, which are supposed to be made for the most lasting purposes, are generally bound in sheepskin, which is the least durable of any of the leathers used except the skived or very thin split skins. The first appearance of sheepskin when bound is one of great durability, but on being exposed to a heated or dry atmosphere it crumbles and cracks

Ancient and Modern Binding

Now, briefly, as to the processes involved in making leather books. In olden times binders were obliged to sew single sheets or pages one to the other. This was most laborious and did not allow the volume to open as well as one in which the paper is folded into many pages on one sheet. This folded sheet is called a signature. It is easily seen that by sewing the signatures together through their backs a greater durability is obtained than by sewing the single sheets on the side. After the sewing is completed, the book is placed in a vise and hammered until the back is as round as the binder may desire, having first been covered with glue to give it a stiffening. The boards are cut to fit the volumes and strings are laced into the edge of the board, these strings having been fastened to the back of the volume in sewing. This is the fundamental idea of a true binding

The raised bands on the back of the books are generally made by making ridges of various materials. When the book is covered with leather these ridges are polished

After covering the book with leather, the decorative work is begun, and the gold is placed on the volume in thin sheets, and with fine dies and tools held in the hands of the finisher is then impressed into the leather with the aid of heat. It is here that a good eye and a steady hand are essential

In early times, bookbindings were generally the work of the goldsmith and carver rather than that of the binder, as understood by us. Rare and beautiful volumes, the joint production of the scribe and the artist, were encased in befitting but often crude covers of precious metals, enamel or ivory, which were enriched with gems or crystals. Such bindings were generally made to form part of the treasures of a king, church or monastery

In time, as the nobles took more interest in literature and fine arts and as manuscripts became more common, such costly bindings were to a very great extent superseded by those of cloth, velvet and satin; it being the custom to use leather for books of lesser value. With the invention of the printing press, when books became more numerous, it was necessary to produce bindings at much less cost, made of materials less expensive, and gradually a general substitution of machine for hand labor crept in. The present age and tendencies of the times in America are such as to encourage the highest development ever attained in every branch of book manufacture, and at no time in the history of the world have there existed so many people of wealth who are willing to pay for costly bindings, sums that in years gone by would have seemed fabulous

The $2,000,000 Dickens

An instance of this lavish expenditure is shown by the sale of an edition of Charles Dickens' works issued by an American publisher. This remarkable edition, made up of 130 volumes in the set, represents at $1000 a volume the highest price reached in modern bookbinding. It is surely the most expensive and most beautiful edition of a popular author that ever has been attempted

The books are printed on parchment selected in England and Italy. The printing, beautifully executed, is particularly noteworthy, since it is the first successful press work on original parchment which has been done since this secret of the early printers died with them. The oily surface of parchment acts like a piece of glass when type is applied to it, and the usual process of printing upon parchment is to roughen the surface by the use of some acid; or, as William Morris did, to fill in the surface of the parchment with chalk, producing an artificial face which in the course of years flakes off. Both of these methods destroy the individuality of the parchment, which is the essential part of its beauty. These volumes of Dickens, therefore, may be said to be the first books printed in four hundred years, where the original surface and individuality of the parchment have been successfully retained. The printers experimented for years to obtain this result

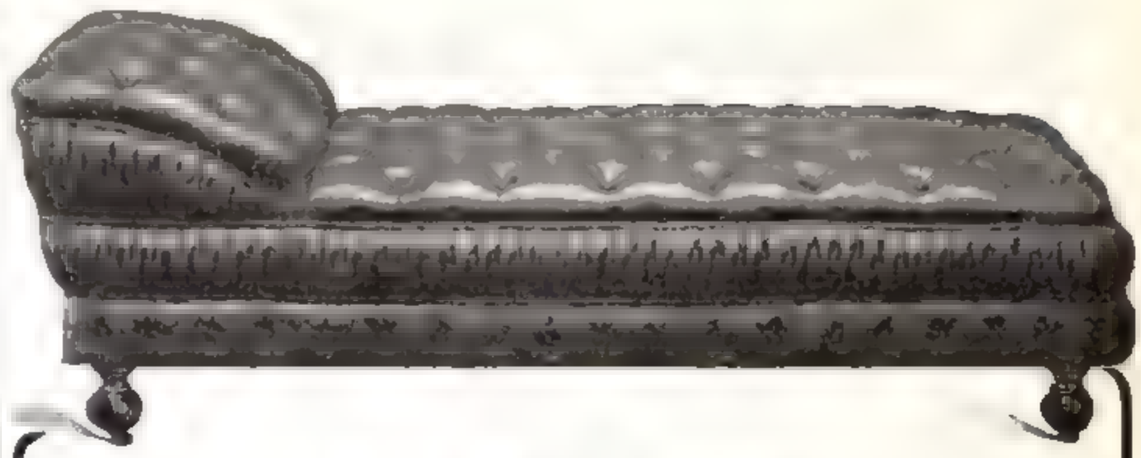
The illuminations with which these books are lavishly ornamented are particularly interesting, marking, as they do, the revival of a lost art, lost at the time when the invention of the art of printing and the comparative ease with which books were produced made it a somewhat superfluous luxury, except in the production of beautifully decorated volumes which were more of the nature of works of art than books. This interesting set of Dickens combines a form of modern illumination which is original in conception, yet aims to reproduce, as much as is possible, the spirit, design and color of the ancient art

The marvelous binding of this edition is exquisitely executed. The leathers are the rarest Levants inlaid in various colors and intricate design, quite excelling in point of detail and execution some of the best samples of the older masters. The double of inlaid vellum and colored leathers is delicately produced in gold finish. Several of the volumes in each set are devoted to nothing but full page illustrations

It seems hard to realize that fifteen sets of these beautiful bindings will be actually paid for at a price of $130,000 each—$1,950,000 for all

The glories of the old French bindings date from the introduction into Europe of the art of tooling in gold. Such gold, made for the binder at that time, was much more crude than that which we are using to-day. It was, therefore, more difficult to handle and the fineness of lines was not so easily obtained as in the toolings of to-day. The craft of tooling, in olden times called gilding, although first practised in Italy, was quickly imitated by the French and English, and was carried by them to America, where it has had a marvelous growth

By a careful study of the productions of the noted European binders from the time of John Grolier and his followers to the present time, with the assistance of various schools of design and a better knowledge of tanning and curing leathers, it is not to be wondered that, with everything at his command for superior work, the modern binder, with his ingenuity, has become preëminent in this particular art.



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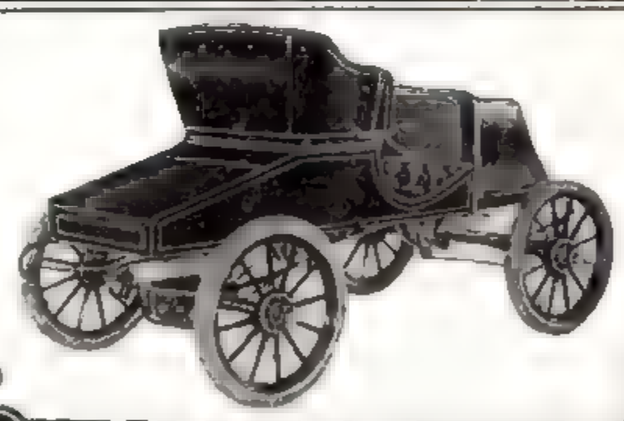

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For Love of the Game

(Continued from Page 6)

"Oh," he heard the voice of his host's valet exclaim, "if Mr. Pryce hasn't sent one of them balls clean through a window of the conservatory"

"He's been out there since six o'clock," the voice of a maid replied.

Waldon rose and went to the window.

"Hurry up!" cried Pryce, seeing him. "I want you to show me something about my iron shots. Then we'll have breakfast and go on to the club at once."

Breakfast was even more hurried than dinner and Pryce more eager to be up and away. He had ordered the automobile so early that it was waiting before Waldon had finished, but he was torn ruthlessly from the table. With Pryce and Pryce's private secretary in the *tonneau* they sped along. Pryce had evidently commanded speed from the chauffeur for the machine raced through the fresh morning air.

"A glorious day," cried Pryce ecstatically. "Think of going to town to-day when one can spend it out-of-doors."

The sensation that was created when Pryce announced his intention of entering the match had never been equaled, even when the amateur record for the course had last been broken. The Green Committee, as it was aware, had never been confronted with a problem of like importance in all its troubled existence. In bewildered uncertainty Pryce was given forty by the thoroughly demoralized members. No such number of strokes had ever been given before, but Pryce made such eager representation of his inexperience, and backed this up with such vigor, that he carried his point as he had many another in life. That he was, as a member, entitled to enter no one could deny. But the committee stood fairly paralyzed with doubt. It had passed through many exciting scenes and endured much abuse. That this was the most trying moment of its official life was clearly recognized, and the future lay before it in uncertainty and terror.

At about half-past ten Pryce started with Waldon on their preliminary round

At a quarter after twelve an excited servant appeared through the doorway of the clubhouse

"Mr Pryce!" he said. "Where is Mr Pryce?"

"Out on the links," replied the secretary, who sat reading. "What is it?"

"The telephone," said the man "Some one wishes to speak to him at once"

"Say he isn't here," the secretary answered promptly. "And he isn't," he added to a friend; "he's out there."

"But——" began the servant in an agitated tone.

"Never mind," directed the secretary; "do what I tell you. The governor left orders," he explained to his friend, "that he was not to be disturbed on any account. When he says a thing it has to go. Obey orders and sink owners."

A little before one o'clock Stephen Pryce and Waldon returned to the club. Luncheon was ready and they sat down at once.

"Now," said Pryce excitedly, "if I can do a few strokes better this afternoon. A hundred and thirty-eight."

Every motion was quick and alert. A healthy color showed in his cheeks. An expression of wrapt enjoyment was on his face.

"Let's get started early," he said as he rushed through the courses.

Suddenly the telephone bell jangled rapidly. Pryce paused instinctively and turned as he rose from the table. Then he moved away toward the steps. The secretary stepped on the veranda.

"Mr. Pryce——" he said hesitatingly.

"Look here," the magnate thundered, "I can't be interrupted. I can't have anything to disturb my mind. If any one asks for me say that I am busy. I told Button at the house that he was not to know where I was. But they seem to have found out. Do you understand? I am not to be disturbed for anything."

He strode away rapidly while the secretary stood staring uncertainly after him.

A little before two Pryce drove off. All who were at the club assembled to witness the start. With the utmost confidence he "topped" the ball, with a little less assurance he drove it perhaps fifty yards, in grim despair he advanced toward the first green.

"With that start," said the secretary, "I wouldn't say anything to him for a farm."

Again all could hear the telephone bell ring violently.

"They're after him now with a vengeance," muttered the secretary as he turned and entered the door. From that moment the unceasing jingle of the bell sounded through the rooms and out on the grounds. There was not a moment when some one was not at the instrument; that it did not trill excitedly. At last, weary of answering, the club servants stood about in motionless dismay listening to the unceasing call

"What's the matter?" asked a member who had just arrived. "Is the telephone out of order?"

"Something else is out of order," responded the secretary. "The market's out of order. The whole thing has dropped. All going every which way. D. N & W. is falling out of sight."

The newly-arrived member stared in consternation

"And after his throwing them all off the scent they've discovered the old man is here and they're all calling for him."

"Why don't you tell him?"

"In the middle of the game, when he said he was not to be bothered for anything! Do you know him? Well, I do."

The member nodded understandingly.

"When the cat's away—playing—the mice will play, too. Old Monson must have seen that he'd caught the governor napping and is making things hum. Great Scott, what is that?"

Down the road appeared a boy running at full speed. He was near enough for the men to see the yellow flutter of an envelope in his hand. Some distance behind him ran another boy with a similar missive in his grasp. Farther away still another urchin raced along clearly laden in the same manner.

"They're sending telegrams after him now," said the secretary

The idlers of the club, discovering that something was going forward, began to gather on the veranda

"He's at the twelfth hole now," observed one, looking out over the outspread course

"He was eighty-two at the tenth," contributed another who had just come in.

"I don't know how this day's work is going to turn out for us," said the secretary feverishly

The telephone rang unceasingly. Messenger boys dashed up the road bearing further dispatches. The assembled club watched Pryce advancing slowly along the course.

"Think how they're tearing each other to pieces in the town," murmured the secretary in an agitated whisper.

"And there's the old man taking all his time over an 'approach.'"

The bell was still trilling. The boys stood in a long row by the steps as Pryce drew near to the Home green. This was but a hundred yards from the clubhouse and all could see what took place without moving from where they were. Pryce had come on with difficulty through the fair green but a lucky shot with a fortunate "break" laid the ball not a dozen yards from the hole.

"Ought to do it in two now," he cried.

As he bent over the putt not a person stirred—hardly an eyelid moved. There was a low rumble in the distance and a few turned to look. Pryce in his intensity did not notice. He putted.

"Dead to the hole!" he exclaimed joyfully.

Again he twisted himself into putting position and all could see that he held his breath as he controlled and steadied himself

"Down in seven!" he shouted in ecstasy.

At that moment a dilapidated carriage drawn by equally dilapidated horses doing their utmost advanced rapidly up the drive and stopped short at the green. It was the station hack, as all saw. Throwing open the door a man jumped out.

"Mr. Pryce! Mr. Pryce!" he called, running forward. "I've been everywhere for you. To your house——"

"Well?" interrupted Pryce serenely

"I came from town. A dozen men have been sent hunting you in all directions. There has been a panic. Everything has been falling——"

"You appear excited, Mr. Pitkin," said Pryce calmly

"I am, sir," exclaimed Pitkin. "If you only knew——"

"I know," said Pryce genially as he walked away to where the Green Committee were drawn up in apprehensive array, "that if you had come a moment sooner and spoiled that putt that there would have been trouble."

Pitkin stared after him in amazement.

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"And," said Pryce, opening his watch and looking at it, "it's half-past four now and everything was over an hour and a half ago."

"D. N. & W. has fallen to 54," said Pitkin, catching up with him.

"Well," said Pryce jovially, "and I'm 134 gross. Gentlemen, will you count it up?" he said to the committee.

"You have won the cup, sir," announced the chairman solemnly.

"Mr. Waldon," said a servant approaching Waldon an hour later in the unprecedented din of the smoking-room, "you're wanted at once, sir, at the telephone."

In the dark box Waldon raised the receiver impatiently to his ear.

"Oh, is it you?" the telephone whirred excitedly.

"Yes! Yes!" Waldon answered, his whole attitude changing.

"Oh, I thought that I never should get you!" the telephone buzzed tremulously. "I don't know what has happened. I've come to the Duffields to telephone, for you know of course that grandpapa hasn't got one. He's just come home and is so pleased. He says that you and Mr. Pryce have been playing golf all day at Westmeadow and he is delighted. I can't understand. He was so good-natured that I told him at once —and—oh—you had better come this evening."

"Yes! Yes!" cried Waldon. "I'll catch the next train for town——"

"Yes," rumbled the telephone softly. "Good-by. Oh——"

"Yes," exclaimed Waldon, bending eagerly over with the receiver.

"I suppose every one can hear," the telephone quavered, "but I don't care. I don't care if the whole country hears. Dear!"

"Wait! Wait a minute!" cried Waldon ecstatically.

But only a dull blur of sound met his ear. With a light step and a light heart he went out on the veranda.

"Hello!" called Pryce. "I've been looking for you."

"I've got to go to town at once," Waldon explained. "I hope that you don't regret the game——"

"You've lost——" croaked Pitkin, still at Pryce's elbow.

"Lost!" Pryce interrupted gloriously. "What do I care what I've lost, I made the seventh hole in five."

As Waldon entered the station hack which he had taken in order to enable him to catch the train, Pryce stood by the door.

"Come in and see me to-morrow," he said. "I want to talk business with you. I think that you'd be better with me than where you are."

As Waldon drove away down the dusty road the soft sunset sky was not more rosy than his visions. And so two men won their games—and perhaps a third another, for, after all, with its contentions and its victories is not love in some of its aspects, with rivals to be overcome and the prize to be won, a game, too, and the most absorbing and fascinating of any?

The President's Daughter

(Continued from Page 13)

She tore the package partly open—it was her Newmarket coat. Bundling it up again she walked uneasily to her compartment. For some moments she remained within; when she came out the messenger boy, his hat now low over his ears, was sitting in her chair looking at the illustrated paper she had laid down. Gertrude suppressed her astonishment; she felt somehow overawed by the unconventionalities of the West.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"You said, wait," answered the boy, taking off his hat and rising.

"Oh, yes. Very well; no matter."

"Ma'am?"

"No matter."

"Does that mean for me to wait?"

"It means you may go."

He started reluctantly. "Gee," he exclaimed under his breath, looking around, "this is swell in here, ain't it?"

"See here, what is your name?"

"Solomon Battershawl, but most folks call me Gloomy."

"Gloomy! Where did you get that name?"

"Mr. Glover."

"Who sent you with this note?"

"I can't tell. He gave me a dollar and told me I wasn't to answer any questions."

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* * *

The engineering courses offered by the American School of Correspondence at Armour Institute of Technology are just this: They are the experience of other men (eminent by reason of their superior education and experience) collected and classified—written to be understood in the easiest possible way.

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* * *

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"Oh, did he? What else did he tell you?"

"He said for me to take my hat off when I spoke to you, but my hat blowed off when you spoke to me."

"Unfortunate! Well, you are a handsome fellow, Gloomy. What do you do?"

"I'm a railroad man."

"Are you? How fine. "What else did the gentleman say?"

"He said if anybody offered me anything I wasn't to take anything."

"Did he, indeed, Gloomy?"

"Yes'm."

She turned to the table and took up a big box. "No money, he meant?"

"Yes'm."

"How about candy?"

Solomon shifted.

"He didn't mention candy?"

"No'm."

"Do you ever eat candy?"

"*Some*times."

"This is a box that came from Pittsburg just this morning for me. Take some chocolates. Don't be afraid; take several. What is your last name?"

"Battershawl."

"Gloomy Battershawl; how pretty!

"Yes'm."

"Who is your best friend among the railroad men?"

"Mr. Duffy, our chief dispatcher. I owe my promotion to him," said Solomon solemnly.

"But who gives you the most money, I mean. Take a large piece this time."

"Oh, there ain't anybody gives me any money much, exceptin' Mr. Glover. I run errands for him."

"What is the most money he ever gave you for an errand, Gloomy?"

"Dollar, twice."

"As much as that?"

"Yes'm."

"What was that for?"

"The first time it was for taking his washing down to the Spider to him on Number Two one Sunday morning."

This being a line of answer Gertrude had not expected to develop she started, but Solomon was under way. "Gee, the river w's high that time. He was down there two weeks and never went to bed at all and came up special in a sleeper sick and I took care of him. Gee, he was sick."

"What was the matter?"

"Newmonya, the doctor said."

"And you took care of him!"

"Me an' the doctor, that was all."

"What was the other errand he gave you a dollar for?"

"Dassent tell."

"How did you know it was I you should give your note to?"

"He told me it was for the brown-haired, tall young lady that walked so straight—I knew you all right—I seen you horseback. I guess I'll have to be going 'cause I got a lot of telegrams to deliver up town."

"No hurry about them, is there?"

"No'm, but's gettin' near dinner time. Good-by."

"Wait. Take this box of candy with you."

Solomon staggered. "The whole box?"

"Certainly."

"Gee!" Solomon grinned and slid over the rail with the candy under his arm.

When he disappeared Gertrude went back to her stateroom, closed the door, although the car was quite empty, and re-read her note.

"I have no right to keep this after you leave; perhaps I had no right to keep it at all. But in returning it I surely may thank you for the impulse that led you to throw it over me the morning I lay asleep behind the Spider dyke."

It was he, then, lying in the rain, ill then, perhaps—nursed by the nondescript cub that had just left her.

The Newmarket lay across the berth—a long, graceful garment. She had always liked the coat and her eye fell now upon it critically, wondering what he thought of the garment upon making so unexpected an acquaintance with her intimate belongings. Near the bottom of the lining she saw a mud stain on the silk and the pretty fawn melton was spotted with rain. She folded it up and put it away—before the horseback party returned—stained and spotted, at the bottom of her trunk.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

RUSSELL SAGE'S ADVICE

"Young Man, Buy New York Real Estate"

Will soon rank with Horace Greeley's aphorism—"Young Man, Go West."

"If you are going to do a good thing, do it in the best way," is another maxim of which you will appreciate the force if you visit before buying elsewhere. WM. H. REYNOLDS' BOROUGH PARK

This picture shows where two lots were picked out for Mr. Frank Rector, of Lincoln, Neb., and is a fair sample of what we sell on mail orders every day. Mr. Rector forwarded $20.00 on February 14, 1903, and as each of the choices he had made happened to be sold on reception of his order, we picked him out lots 69-70 in block 33, of which this picture gives a very fair idea. The corner house at the left hand side of this picture is at the intersection of 14th Ave. and 48th St., occupying lots 1, 2 and 3 in block 33, but does not appear on our maps, as it is one of over 100 that have been built since these maps were struck off five months ago. The second house, counting from the left hand side of this picture, stands on lot 65-66 in block 33. Mr. Rector's lots, 69-70, have a frontage of 40 feet on 48th St., beginning 100 feet east from 14th Ave., and running back 100 feet into the block. Compare this photograph of actualities at Borough Park with the glowing pictures sometimes presented you of what other plots will be—in the happy future. A bird in the hand is worth a whole flock in the bush.

Borough Park is not an outlying section composed of bare ground and promises, but a tract on which over seven hundred houses have been built by New York and Brooklyn business men during the past four years.

We do not show you a few graded streets, a score of lamp posts and a few sign boards. We have:

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LEWIS FRICKE is a nine-year-old Indiana boy who makes money each week by selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He recently wrote to the publishers: . . . "There are three big concerns here employing thousands of people. I went to the superintendent of the largest one and asked whether he ever let boys sell things there. He said, 'No.' I told him I was sorry, and asked him to take a copy with my compliments. The next week I went back and asked him how he liked it. He said, 'Bully! I guess you can leave it here each week.' Then I said, 'I am working for a prize; don't you think you can let me go through the works at the noon hour?' He said, 'Well, I guess it is a good thing for the men—go ahead.' I got more than 50 regular customers. Then I went to the next place and by working the same plan got 40 more.

"At the third place the gentleman looked at THE POST and said, in a sort of 'chesty' way, 'I am not sure that this is the highest form of literature.' I said: 'I am not either, but I guess it's a heap better than anything published in this vicinity.' Another gentleman who was there laughed very loud, and both bought copies. The next week he introduced me to the head of one of the departments as 'Mr. Fricke, the personal representative of Benjamin Franklin,' and told him to help me along, and I got another lot of customers.

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in the town or city of .....

County of ..... *and State of* .....

and which I desire to sell for $ .....

The plan is to be based upon the following brief description of the property:

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Name .....

Address .....

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Size ..... *State* .....

City or County or part of State preferred .....

The price must be between $ ..... *and $* .....

I will pay ..... *down, and the balance* .....

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.....

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.....

Name .....

Address .....